



Mathew Stevenson

The printers proffit, not my pride
hath this Idea finify'd;
For he pusht out the merrie pay
and M^r Gaywood made it gay

R. Gaywood fecit



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Occasions Off-spring,
OR *W. Bland*
P O E M S
UPON
Severall OCCASIONS

By *Mathew Stevenson.*

Mart. *Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agas*

J. B.  *Bush*

L O N D O N.

Printed for *John Place* and are to be sold at his
shop at *Furnivalls* Inne Gate in
Halborne 1 6 5 4

Section of Spring

21

21

By the

21

21



To my best Friend and
courteous Cosen Mr. Ben-
jamin Cook all good wishes.

SIR,

Our candid Interpretati-
ons of these conceits se-
verally, hath animated
mee to a gleaning them up toge-
ther; and betrai'd you to a Dedi-
cation, they say, *Quæ prosunt sin-
gula, multa juvant*. Nor is it un-
usuall, for men of my condition,
in this nature, to repend the good
nature of their munificent friends

A 2

How-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

However, did my starres promise mee any other requite, This trifling barke (ballanced with scarce any thing but sand and stones) should to the fortune of the doubtfull waves without a Palinure: in hope, either the shores would protect the shallow, or the deep drown it, out of sight, and time, out of minde. I confesse I can look upon it, no otherwise then a degree of impudence, to obtrude that upon your patronage which I my selfe have scarce confidence to owne : Nevertheless, deigne it your accept, since, though you finde in it (probably) nothing good, you may yet assure
your

The Epistle Dedicatory.

your self of the good will, and
good intents of him, that resolves
to leave nothing unattempted,
might any wayes render him

Sir,

Your most gratefull servant,

M. STEVENSON.

A 3

Reader,



R E A D E R.

I Hve here drawn up, a Poetick party of Pegasean pulfries in the new Artillary ground of this book, which as they now stand in close order, under the colours, and command of the Book-binder: seem no lesse unanimous, then uniforme; but upon a little examination, you shall finde them Pro and con, round and royall, and like the Cadmean Upstarts sheathing their weapons in each others entrails. Many of them I must tell you are Amazonian Archers fighting under the banner of their winged Generall; Others under the carelesse flaggs of fancy for the merry halfe Crownes: *Æqua Venus Teucris, Pallas iniqua fuit.* Others are at their guard, and wall in themselves with the stones of their obdurate hearts, of whom the Poet sayes. *Et dicam silices pectus habere.* If you chance (as I can not hope but you will)
Either

either in mine or the Printers oversight,
meet some lame Souldiers, I hope they shall
likewise meet your charity. For the times,
being like themselves humoursome, they
seeme to promise me some approve; provi-
ded the Proverb hold true, Like to like.
But what need I feare to mount that brain
sick stage, where even lyes and Libells, un-
der the new fangled notion of news, passe
as currant as our coine, for my part,
I am not so in love with my owne fea-
thers, as to think them worthy a terse eare,
or an ingenious eye: Nor doe I yet so ab-
dicate my owne ability, but that I judge
my pannes, as much above your contempt,
as beneath your envy.

To

To the Author my very
loving Cos. Mr. M. Stevenson.

COS. I confesse, and thou knowst I am one
That never yet had tast of Helicon.
Yet those loose ares that I did lately glean
From the full Harvest of thy fruitfull pen,
I here retorne thee; knowing the so kinde
Thou wilt my love: and not my language
minde.

Trust mee Cos. this course paper I designe
Not as a grace, but soyle to set off thine.
For I am certaine theres no eare so terse
But will be ravisht With thy smother verse.
But hold; I must thy just applause refraine
For that, Part of my bloud runn's in thy
veyne.

Yet they will pardon this poore God a mercie,
That note how many Poems point at

R. C.

To

To the inimitable Poet, My
honour'd friend,

The AUTHOR.

But must I pen thy prayse my noble friend
That were a task would never have an
end.

Ide have thy golden Poems writ in Gold
Thy names great title in fames list enrold.
Virgill no more shall Prince of Poets be
But thou; Hee's but a petty Prince to thee.
Ile to the grove where freshest Laureats grow
And plat a wreath my self to crown thy brow.

H. A.

To my Ingenious friend, the
AUTHOR,

And must I adde my mite Deare Steven-
son,

I know thou wilt accept it, well? tis done,
Faith I can't tell while I thy lines read ore
Whether I love thee! Or admire the more.

Thy

*Thy books not fraught With tales of Robin
hood,*

But lofty fancy, By the Lord tis good:

*Thy sweet-lippt Muse most ample test doth
give,*

Of high events, and I say let her Live.

N. B.

To my most esteemed friend,

The *AUTHOR*.

T*ell me no more of Withers wilde abuses
Thy book a thousand times more wit produ-
ces.*

*Withers shall wither, whilst thy bayes are seen
Like Daphnes Chapplet of immortall green:*

F. B.

To his very good friend

The *AUTHOR*.

I*Have perus'd thy book in which I finde
The perfect portrait of thy noble minde.*

*I must confesse I once was one of those
Did both suspect thy poesie, and prose.
But having read thee too, as well as it
I am thy Wittnesse, t'was thine owne pure witt.
And therefore shall even for thy sake alone
Conclud, Minerva weares a colour'd gowne.*

R. D.

In Honorem Authoris.

Not that I think that thy Aonian wine
Has any need of this poore bush of mine.
But that in some small measure yet I might
Exrpress the love I owe thee, I must writ
And prayse thy fluent fancy that atteines
To that with ease, which others can't with pains
Many of these thy Poems did I see
Drop from thy ready pen Ex tempore.
And fitly cal'd Occasions of spring waist
For the *τὸ πρῶτον* of time flew not more fast:
Did the conceit come even twixt Cup and Lip.
It was thine owne occasion could not slip
Whence I me convinc'd that poetri's a spirit,
Which except heaven infuse none can inherit.

Thine yea thine

T. H.



F
C
I
B
T
M
H
P



Occasions Off-spring.

O R,

P O E M S,

Upon severall Occasions.

To Her that loves me.



Way with fond Hyperbolies,
 Subliming dust to Deities.
 I purpose but to say y^ere faire,
 As Envie must confess you are:
 If you were not; you should not h^{ave}re
 My praise, should knees couch your
 (desire.

But you are so, which to deny
 Can be no less then Heresie.
 Doubtless the Queen of beauty was,
 But like your self some peerless Lasse:
 Till by her Cyprian Zelots she
 Mounted the stile of deitie.
 Had you liv'd then, I really do
 Presume y^e had been a Goddess too.

B

For

For in your features men may see
 The God of Loves artillery
 Your curling Tresse, is all the bow
 The wanton wars with, here below.
 His fire-locks too, the world espy,
 Presented in your sparkling eye:
 Your fame's his Trumpet, and men seek
 His Banner in your bashfull cheek.
 Your pearly rows at every smile,
 Like *Cadmus* Troops stand ranck and file.
 If then so fair a front appear,
 Doubt not, there's somewhat in the rear:
 But tis not fit we further look,
 Since Nature's pleas'd to shut the book:
 Howere I hope I sha'nt displease her,
 To guess what I see not hid treasure.

Nil non Laudabile vidi.

To my Coy Charola.

I.

You cannot love; for shame
 Come blush your self into a penitent flame:
 Does the choice flowre resist
 Because the fairest no, enjoy't that life:
 Or the eye-taking fruit,
 Plead not yet ripe away, there needs no
 Why women are as truly ours, (suir.
 To be enjoy'd as fruit, or flowres.
 But tis our fault
 That we exhalt
 Them so, that they rebell against our powres
 Come

2.

Come, come, yet I affect yee, (yee
 If you can't love again ; Let me direct
 'Tmay be 'cause you are fair,
 And levigable as the downy aire;
 You stand upon't, you will not yeeld,
 But Phoenix-like your self will build.
 Do so, and then
 Repent agen ; (fair field.
 When Autumne hath possess'd your own

3.

But oh behold I woo
 VWho should command, I beg and
 My *Charola* admires, (glad on't too.
 Since she is Ice, I so complain of fires.
 Had she a flaming Dart, (cold heart.
 She would improv't to warm her own
 Ah me, does not Dame nature flint
 Her flame-begetting sparks to flint?
 Pray do but feel
 The stone-cold steel;
 And if you can say there's no fire within'r,

4.

But ah my vaine complaint!
 My Obsequies attend a scornfull Saint.
 Water by dropping oft
 Is wont to make the hardest marble soft:
 But my moist eyes procure,
 No gentlenes, but rather make obdure.
 But I have done my do, for I
 Find all things meete in misery.

And to survive
 In vain I strive;
 Since I have seen an Angel, I must dye.

5.

How dye? why so, did not
 The Queen of Beauty on *Adonis* dote?
 And *Paris* confident eyes,
 Survey the features of three Deities?
 Ah but far more divine,
 Is my fair Saint then *Paris* trivial Trine:
 Whom while I court, my hopes but reare
 A fancy'd Castle in the Aire.
 Not unlike those
 That do suppose
 Their wish effected in a falling Star.

*Credo equidem nec vana fides genus esse
 dearum.*

*Love-sick Lucilla to her unkinde
 Shepherd.*

AND must I dye? and must I dye for love?
 For love, that makes me like the Gods above?
 If I must dye, what need these flames? belike
 You'll execute me as an Heretique.
 But *Momus* teach me a new A. B. C.
 If firm, and faithfull love be heretic:
 If death must be the doom of love; pray what
 Shall be the sentence of nevercall hate?
 If zealous love merit a mortall curse,
 Sure hate, a cold devotion merits worse.

Yet

Yet how unjust is this? stories relate
 Many that dy'd for love, but none for hate.
 Is there no Herb that may my greifs remove,
 No Antidote 'gainst this hot poyson Love?
 Pitty yee Gods, pittie my youth, and beauty,
 See how each Organ buckles to his duty.
 Cannot my prayers; cannot my tears prevail
 What, shall my sighs, my sobs, my groans all fail?
 Where is the Sisters thrift that goes about
 To cut my Thread ere it be half drawn out?
 Let me but see the twilight of my age,
 And then persue the utmost of your rage:
 Why was *Lucina* present at my birth,
 Whilst the propitious Gods promis'd me mirth?
 Why came glad *Hymen* with his Tapour light
 To mock me with the hopes of nuptiall night?
 And why was *Venus* then ascendent; why
 Did all the Graces grace me since I dye?
 But while I thus in vain urge my complaint,
 I loose my breath, Ah-me I fainr, I faint.

Deficiam parvi temporis adde moram;

To Abstemia:

I.

I Never was in love,
 Nor will be for my part,
 I never felt the Archer move;
 Alas he has no dart
 Or else no eyes to hit my heart.

2.

ANd yet doth love I vow,
 In this my bosome reign;
 Yet I protest 'tis not with you;
 Pardon me, Sir, I tell you plain,
 Tis with *Diana's* Maiden train.

3.

ANd though I lend an eare
 When you present your Dirty,
 Presume not I affect your geare,
 Or you, that would seem witty;
 Good faith tis not in love, but pittie.

4.

Hence then poor flatterers,
 I am, and will be free:
 Like those *Celestiall* Choristers,
 He hugg my liberty;
 Tis that, and only that please me.

Phyllis Funerall.

Come now my Lambs your selves address
 Unto your dying Shepherdes.
 Your appetites awhile adjourn,
 And pay your duty to my Urne.
 In life my flock I follow'd thee,
 In death I prethee follow me.
 Come therefore twenty Lambs in black,
 In white twice twenty at their back.

Twelve

Twelve sable Ewes like Widows poore
 Shall as my mourners go before
 Six Weathers shall my bearours be
 Arraid in *Negro's* Liverie,
 As dark as night, and six againe,
 As white as wooll support my train:
 With silver tipps let every horne,
 Our sad and solemne state adorne,
 Crescent as Phæbes, let each front,
 VVear a fresh Cypress wreath upon't
 Let no rude rustlet here be seen,
 Nor bloody redd; But flourishing green,
 Lamb black, and purest white, These three,
 Summe up my perfect Elegie,
 The black(my Lambs)dorth signifie
 My losse of life: your losse of mee.
 The white does unto you relate
 My innocence: and Virgin state,
 The green does to the world proclaime
 My life in my immortall fame.
 Now let mee shew yee my intent
 In my last Will and Testament.

First I this better part of mine
 To the Elizian shades resigne
 And whence I had it, I bequeath
 To the next aire my borrow'd breath
 Fire shall again have what it lent,
 And water to her Element,
 Shall have recourse. All shall returne,
 My ashes also to my Urne:
 In the next place I here dispence
 Unto my Lambs my innocence.
 Moreover I assigne to them
 The grasse green Meadow last nights dream
 Presented mee, My Ramms are they
 Shall have my *Cornucopia*.

Item, I leave my Virgins Zone
 Unto the Bud as yet unblown.
 My Purple Veynes resign to you
 Sweet Violets their azure hue.
 My blushes to the Rose I give
 My white shall in the Lilly live:
 My golden Tresses shall repaire
 The ruines of lost Maiden hair.
 My Globes of light after this life
 Shall wait on *Phæbus* and his wife.
 My losny my Majestick front
 I leave to *J'das* sublime Mont.
 The Cherry, or the Ruby rather
 The tincture from my lips shall gather.
 This breast opposing th'other, puts
 Me so in mind of *Cupids* Buts,
 I cannot but to him demise
 The place so fit for exercise.
 Lastly (such as they wont receive)
 Mine armes I to embraces leave:
 And now yee know what my last will is,
 Farewell my Flock, say farewell *Phillis*:

Pleno singultibus ore.

*A young Gentleman to his Lady, who
 lookt upon him as too immature.*

M A D A M,

X I Love you, should I not do so,
 I were an Anchorite and my Breast like Snow.

Yes

Yes I do love, and humbly here commence
 Affection ushered in with Reverence,
 Deigne but your-lilly hand, No bold desire
 Shall wing up my ambition any higher.
 Nay if that be too much, let me deserv
 My rudeness chastiz'd in your scornfull eye.
 I must confess these early years of mine
 May look on, but not love Women nor Wine:
 Not love sayd I? who can but love a face
 So winning unless of *Deucalions* race?
 Yet while I love and in my breast enshrine yee
 It don't to pittie, but contempt incline yee,
 Nature will lend my lip a cloak, And than
 I may profess, I want not zeal, though man:
 My stature small, And *Cupid* cannot find
 Me yet; Shrubs loose th' advantage of the wind:
 Yet should I love thus young, I might produce
 Such presidents would warrant my excuse;
 And yours too, *Sapho* sum'd up all her joy
 In the embrace of a *Cicilian* boy
 The Queen of *Greece* lov'd *Thesens* but a Lad,
 And *Cytharea* her *Adonis* had.
 Nay, Love himself that God, is but a Child,
 Shall I then be for want of years exil'd?
 Yea I have heard fair Damsels say, In truth
 Of all that love, give me the smooth-chin'd Youth.
 True I am young, and thence I dare approve
 My non-acquaintance with the flights of love.
 You are that wounded me the first, and all;
 Blame me not then that come at the first call.

To Amabunda.

But dost believe in faith that I
 Lov'd thee? faith thou believ'st a lye.

B 5

Extinguish

Extinguish therefore thy desire
 Ere it becomes unruly fire,
 For thy flames work but the same way
 With mee as the hot Sun on clay.
 No thou must rake thy heeles, and flee,
 If thou wouldst have mee follow thee,
 ——— *Fugis insequor.*

To *Suavia*.

X NOT love you, whom the world confess
 The miracle of prettinesse?
 That were an humour to disguise
 My reason, and betray my Eyes:
 Noe, noe, without dissimulation
 Your beauty is too strong temptation
 Had I not found you the rare thee,
 Y'had liv'd unlov'd, unmov'd by mee;
 I cannot court a common face,
 Enrich with only one poor grace,
 A forehead handsome, smooth, and high
 A lovely Lip, or Chin, or Eye:
 But pardon *Suavia* if I Love
 You, In whom all these graces move
 Deigne then one gentle smile on mee,
 Who will your constant *Umbra* be,
 So long as either I have eyes,
 Or you have wherewith to surprize,
 Choose Madam then which you think best,
 Either hard favour: or soft breast.

Aut faciem mutes, aut ne sis dura nec se est.

*An Answer to the Song call'd faire
Archybella to whose eyes.&c.*

My dearest,

A *Archybella's Eyes*
Though nere so faire shall not despise
But owne thy loyall sacrifice.

2.

Suppose her cruell, And a while
Hir frownes like midnight, day exile
Tis noon again, if you but smile.

3.

Wee like our lodging and protest
So you provide a faithfull breast
To vow our self your constant guest.

4.

Nor need you feare since you impart,
Your wounds so fresh, but we have art
And Balsam too, to ease your smart.

5.

Let not a thought that death may give
Molest thee, doubt not thou to live,
If smiles or teares may but reprove.

6.

Dread not my deare so dire a doome
Forbid it heaven the hower should come,
That thou shou'dst suffer Martyrdome.

The Answer to Well-well tis true, &c.

1.

Well, well tis true, That I have lov'd a fool
and it is you:

But since I plainly see
Whilst I in pitty lend a smile,
You make me conscious all the while
Of your Idolatry.

I'll henceforth squib your Wildfire flames and
The adoration of an Als (scorne
So foolishly forlorne.

2.

Come, come be wise and dally not with Ladies
(charmfull eyes,

The Magazine from whence
Love armes himself, the Stars I say
Are bright and pow'rfull too, but they
Have no such influence,

We set us down in *Titans* glittering shine,
Reciprocating beame, for beam
Where Stars their heads decline.

3.

Whilst yee like fools to deifie us pump and dreine
For an Hyperboly: (your Schools
Presuming that yee highly please
Oar Sex to stile us Goddesses,

Alas we know yee lye
VVe are but flesh and blood though our bright eyes
Surprising your insatuate sense
Yee deem us Deities,

But

But since that Fate has drawn me to the trouble
 Il'e not my labour loose (of thy prate
 For Il'e make use of thine own plot
 To let thee know I love thee not.
 Well, or ill take it, choofe,
 And therefore Il'e go get me a new bar,
 To rid my Chamber of fuch Apes
 Sush Toyes as Sutors are,

GO love your wine, and ^{5.} all your Muses, nine and
 (nine times nine
 So you will not love me
 For me I love my Dog, my Cat
 Nay I would love I care not what
 So it may not be thee
 Love you your laughing and your quaffing Crew
 I love my Country and my King
 But hate fuch fools as you.

The Virgin Canticle to Gerrard.

I.

A Vant'ye false Intruders that my Chamber hant
 Good faith I can't
 No nor J will not listen to your love /
 No more will J though you would give me all your
 Unbolt my door (store
 You do but rocks and senseless marble (move
 For well, yea too too well J can your perjur'd sto-
 There's no faith rests ry tell
 In mens false breasts:
 Therefore farewell, farewell.
 Tis

Tis true, I was so foolish once as to Love you,
 But now I rue
 I ever yeilded unto such an ague.
 But yet, I'de have you know my friend though I did
 One burning fit (get
 I had another cold enough to plague you.
 For I who was all fire, am now congeald into all ice
 VVhence you may find,
 Though I was kinde.
 I can be merry and wise.

The willow thou thinkst torments me but alas poor
 Ask but my Pillow (fellow
 If it can witness ere a sigh I fetcht.
 Or that on my bed-side as in a dreame I late,
 Moaning my fate,
 Or out of melancholly my self streacht.
 He warrant thee my boy thou't find all circum-
 That maidens too (stances prove
 As well as you
 Can with discretion love

And now I do intend to run through Lovers row
 As well as you
 And tast the sweetnesse of variety.
 For I suppose there's some sweet sweet in it or yee
 VVould never be
 So much addicted to inconstancie.

Therefore

Therefore Ile set and see the messes usherd in by
 And tast of this (scdres
 And that fine dish
 To the hundred and fiftith course.

5.

In vaine thou temptst mee *Paris* what, wouldst thou
 Forsworn againe be faine
 Alas I valew not thy threadbare Oathes.
 Goe finde some other tame soule for I have no
 T' embrace the wind (minde
 No, nor those vowes thou putst of with thy
 (cloaths
 If yet thoudst have me, love thee then I prethee
 For I protest (nere come to mee.
 I love thee best
 When th eu art furthest from mee

The Choice.

TIs not thy rubie Lips; nor Rosie Cheeks,
 In which my heart a full contentment seekes
 Tis not the treasure of thy golden tresses,
 That makes me rich, or challenge my Careless
 Nor yet thy light-dispersing eyes though they,
 Be the true Phosphors of the breaking day,
 Should I serve beauties obvious to the eye
Pigmalions statue then would see the vye.
 And I might well (if I should cease to range,)
 Advantage my affliction at the change.
 But I have suited at a nobler rate,
 Then to court paint; Beauties inanimate,

In

In summe there's nothing out-sides can impart,
 Hath power to make a conquest on my heart.
 But I love you, whose beauty still I find
 But *index* to the beauty of your mind.
 You are the Pearl that highest value win,
 Being faire without, and cordiall within.

To my Coy and Captious Mistress.

ILle court my shade no more, but flee
 From it, and make it follow me:
 Nor shall the lofty Cedar bough
 To the base Bramble, tis too low.
 Ile kneel no more to ungrateful Thistles,
 Nor listen to each Bird that whistles:
 I have forgot you, and to day
 I did make Ortes of better Hay.
 I lov'd thee once, but now my scorne
 Shall triumph over thee forlorne:
 Ile wrap my front up in disdain,
 Nor shalt thou it uncloud again,
 No, though one careless smile would save
 Thy cast-off carkals from the grave:
 Thy tears, and prayers and looking wan
 VVere but to wash an *Indian*.
 Nay, wert thou fair as thou art not,
 Thou shouldst not move my breast one jot:
 Nor would I love thee one half hour,
 Though both the *Indies* were thy Dower:
 Though all the Saints should bless thy face,
 Thou get'st not henceforth one embrace:
 I hate thine eyes, and rather would
 A *Basilisk* should me behold.

To Pulcheria.

But tell me will not Gold move thee?
 Art thou more hard than *Danae*?
 What? will these peerless Pearls, these Gems,
 These Rubies reacht from Diadems,
 Advance me no step to thy love?
 Ile try if triviall toys may move.
 'T may be this Lilly or that Rose
 VVin her acceptance more then those.

Yes much at one, alas I should
 But tempt an *Indian* with my Gold:
 Her locks are the true golden Fleece,
Medea shew'd her love in *Greece*;
 And what from Rubies hope I? tush
 Her lips will make the Ruby blush:
 VWhich if a smile should chance to sever,
 You strait shall see such Pearls as never
 Nature yet boasted, as if she
 Had only this one *Treasure*.
 And as for Gems, what sparks can flie
 So bright as those shot from her eye?
 Lillies alas avail not much,
 Her body is all over such:
 And what's a Rose? since her Cheeks bear
 A *June* of Roses all the year.

LOVE *Blind or not blind.*

I.

What makes you think that Love is blind
 Since he dwels in the eye:
 I rather

Rather the contrary finde
 In all my scrutinie.
 For I in love had never been
 Had not mine eyes the object seen.

2.

And all the world in this agree
 Love is a flaming fire
 If then a fire, nay flame it be
 What need we more desire,
 To prove that Love may have his sight,
 From that which renders all things light.

3.

Tell mee not that *Obfusca* was
 Born blind, yet lov'd on trust,
 Admit the fable; yet alas
 It was not love, but lust.
 For shee must have it understood,
 Though nothing else, hir feeling's good.

4.

But you will say where stood his eyes
 That chose so coarse a wench.
 As Bab since men meet such a prize
 On every common bench:
 This will be his retort againe,
 What's one mans meat's an others bane.

5.

Here's one a horse face courts whose weight
 Hee knows will come in Gold.

And

(19)

And so he have the mony straight,
Let her be crooked, old
Splay-foot, blind, beetlebrowd, and lame,
For he ha's that for which he came,

6.

Turne but your eye and you shall see
Anothers finger itch,
To be embracing such a shee
Is neither faire nor rich.
Ask but his reason and tis this
My minde to me a Kingdom is.

7.

Thus one loves fat an other leane,
This his meat salt, that fresh
This a fat Capon, that a Hen
This man loves fish, that flesh.
Thus all their humours have, and now
Heres the good woman kist her Cow.

8.

Who beares the fault now but the boy
The wanton boy forsooth
He wirh old women use to toy,
And teach them tricks of youth,
Thus from our selves we still remove
Our dotage to the god of Love.

9.

Whom falsely fools call progeny
Alean od of fire,

If

If it were so then he must be
Prodyomus to his Sire
 For out of doubt he LOVE did know,
 Ere he came into Cuckholds row.

10.

Then let not hollow'd Love bear blame
 For humane fantasy:
 Love is a pure celestiall flame
 Heaven and Earths Mercury.
 Diffus'd on Mortals, let us hence
 Accuse the Organ, not the influence.

11.

CAn any yet be so unwise
 To think Love blind that can
 Create an *Argus* hundred eyes,
 To guard a Curtolan,
 VVhom if you see you may espye.
 Enthron'd in every sparkling eye.

12.

Pray which of you can shoot so right,
 As he whom yee call blind;
 He sticks his Arrows in the white
 Sure then he eyes must find,
 Should you a Dart at any throw,
 Twere but the blind man hit the Crow.

13.

Yea are surpriz'd with each fair face
 VVith every dimpled Chin,
 This

This comly feature, that sweet grace
 Are snares to trap yee in:
 VVhat think yee then, not love, I wils
 But yee, are capti, oculis.

*A longing Lady to her long-staying
 Lover.*

TVVice twenty times hath Titan run his course
 From th' orientall, to the VVestern source:
 Since last I saw you, can one parting kiss
 Sustain me such an age of night as this:
 How I am rackt in thy unkind delay?
 Come my sweet Phosphor, come and bring the day,
 Sorrow and solitude in this small space
 Have figur'd age on my Hermetick face.
 Go happy Paper be my Mercury,
 And having kiss his hand bring it to me.
 That I may be thy Rivall; tell him I
 Must see him soon, or in despair I dye.
 And if he come not; I shall plainly see
 He's out of town, or out of love with me.

A forsaken Lady to her Apostate.

BUt are those flashes fled? those flames quite gon
 Into the ashes of oblivion?
 VVhere are those Vows, those Heaven-attested
 Seal'd on my lips the pledges of our troaths? (oaths,
 What all amorr, all banisht in a trice,
 All our embraces a fools Paradise?
 Then farewell faith, and friend, next time I find
 My self affective. Ile embrace the wind.

A mock

*A mock song to
O stay by mee---*

Stay not by me feinds ! but fly mee,
For behold I come
All in furie, to conjure yee,
To avoid the roome, (me
O come not then near mee : your haggie looks skae
But down to your cursed cell,
for in hell;
All such sooty sluts dwell.

2.

Out yee Devills, worst of evils,
What do you make here?
Such dam'd witches, and base bitches:
I nere saw as yee're. (m
O come not then near me your haggie looks skae
But down to your cursed cell
for in hell
All such sooty sluts dwell.

3.

Pluto's pusses are the susses
That I here behold
Drest in tiffanie like Typhonne,
Snaky lockt and old. (ne
O come not then neare mee, your haggie looks skae
But down to your cursed cell
For in hell,
All such sooty sluts dwell.

Furie

4.

Furies fellowes what is hell loose
 And yee broke out thus
 In your night-gears like the night mares
 To meet *Incubus*. (me
 O come not then near mee, your hagggy looks skear
 But down to your cursed cell
 for in hell
 All such sooty sluts dwell.

5.

Out upon yee, Ile none on yee
 Down yee dan'd beneath
 Your ill favours and worse favours
 Doe infect my breath, (mee
 O come not then near mee, your hagggy looks skeare
 But down to your cursed cell
 for in hell,
 All such sooty sluts dwell.

The Furies Answer.

BE content Sir, we are sent Sir
 Not to trouble you,
 But to sport with and consort with
 Our own cuttaild crew. (you
 Let nothing then skear you, for weel not come near
 But down to our own black cell,
 for in hell,
 VVe confesse wee do dwell.

Jam jam tacluras, tartara nigra putes.

A

*A Gentleman to his Mistresse that told
him he lookt asquint upon her.*

A Squint, why not? am I of Eagles race,
To try mine eyes upon *Apollo's* face:
Admit I were, yet while I look on thee,
Thy brighter beams force an obliquity.
Eagles should do the same, durst they but try
Their Birth-right at the radiance of thine eye.
VVhat is this squinting but my feeble sight,
Reverberated by thy powerfull light?
Nay should mine eye right on to thine aspire,
Twould burning-Glass-like set mine heart on fire
But say I could, since thou thus slightest me,
VVhat reason have I to look right on thee?
Come be not you so cross-grain'd to despise
A breast that shews her crosses in her eyes;
VVhich silently each other thus reprove,
T'have let in cruell and ingratefull love:
So passing fair, I swear upon a book
You are, my eyes upon each other look
As in a maze to see Dame Nature place
All her perfection in your only face.
As Clouds the Creatures of the Sun, so I
The nubilous exhalation of your eye
Approach your presence begging I may be
The *Umbræ* unto your serenity.
And could I but my self in the office put,
As *Caltha* with your beams I'd e ope, and shut.
The Flies are buzzing where light Candles are,
And smock you know alwaies pursues the fair.
Daies d'enterchange Embraces with the night,
And darkness kiss the lovely lips of light.

VVh

Why then, thou fairest, art thou so unkind,
 To scoffe the mole thy beauty made thus blind?
 But am I blinde dost say ; Even thence does flow,
 This solace, that the God of love is so,
 And squint-eyd, then I may glorie int.
 The sun it selfe, lights centre looks asquint.

To Franke.

What all at once? what nowne selfe Franke?
 Thy bounty ever beares its banck.
 , Thad bene a favour yet beyond,
 My wishes, hadst thou given thy bond,
 And seal'd it with a faithfull kisse,
 O here had bene enough of blisse.
 Or hadst thou given thy hand in part
 As pledg of thy engaged heart ;
 I had bene more then well content
 T'have fed my hopes, on the event.

But I am now as others are,
 Suspicious of thy proffer'd ware.
 Thou art too sweet , to tell thee right
 Thou overcom'st my appetite.
 Hony's not for all pallats meet,
 And sugar oft makes things too sweet.
 Trust mee fond Franck, thou art too free
 (Free of thy flesh I mean) for mee.
 Thou comst too fast, I must step back.
 And to be short, I feare mee no man,
 Dares venter to make thee a woman.
 In markers maides are common, I
 Can have a score for a bulls eye.

You praise your selfe, and I could wish
 But to see her cryes stinking fish;
 I know not what to think, thy face
 Hath such an oleo of brasie;
 And yet thou shouldest be right, for none
 That I ere knew, lesse feare the stone,
 On whom be this inscription set;
 Here is both right, and Counterfeit.

But thou say'st tis no vsuall Course,
 To looke ith mouth of a guishe horse.
 Yet no mans' bounry shall perswade
 Mee too accept or keepe a jade,
 Ill favourd &, ill quality'd;
 Who would on such Conditions ride?
 Thou hast given thy selfe to mee, dost hear
 Thou hast a shrewd box on the care
 Would thou hadst rather given mee that
 Was left ith maltheap by the Car.
 Thou shouldest have said, will you accept,
 Or else they selfe to thy selfe kept.
 Theres somewhat more then up and ride,
 The banes must goe before the bride
 And aser to o, vnlesse shee bee
 Better then I can hope of thee
 Thou fly'st away to Church & nether
 Bringst guest with thee nor yet a father.
 But for the first (sauiing your yeast)
 You will your selfe be the bold guest,
 And for a father, what need hee,
 Since you will your owne giver be.
 Way this is the new way we take,
 Each others word & bargaine make.
 Sure here is like to be good doeing
 When rampant royles run thus a wo oi g,
 VVhy now or never verifie.

Old mother Shiptons prophesie,
 Yet thou mayest get a husband still,
 Provided thou dost but fullfill.
 The last will of thy grand mother,
 No more but see; Remember her:

For my part, mee thou couldst not please,
 Though thou couldst sh—mee ninepences.
 Nor couldst thou move in mee delight,
 Shouldst thou afford mee every night
 A fresh & sportfull maidenhead
 Their signes should not pollute my bed,
 And yet I may chance loath my life
 Come then and thou shalt bee my wife.
 However for your offer *Frankey*
 I were to blame should I not thank yee,
 But let mee perish in thy Curse
 If ever offer lik't mee worse.
 Thou gav'st thy selfe to mee; and
 Give thee back to thy selfe Godb'ye

Te mihi donasti, te tibi reddo, vale.

An Epithal.

On. Mr. B. C. his Nuptialls.

1.

Welcome most lovely paire,
Through threats of drowning
In parents frowning;
Now no doubts nor despaire
Shall cloud the clearer aire
Of nuptiall crowning
No counter-plots, no rivalls now suspect,
Your wishes are arriv'd at their effect.

4.

No weefull Willow now,
Cupid composes,
Chaplets of Roses:
In which the Bridgroomes brow
And his faire Brides also,
Hymen encloses,
Let Suiters in desires hot embers burne,
Your joyfull fyres shall into Bone-fires turne.

3.

On thy cheeks beauteous Bride,
 More all the graces
 In pleasant paces

Blest hee whom fates betide
 Th' Elysium of thy side.

This, this, thy las is
 Sweet Bride-groom, but had Love had eyes to
 see her:

No doubt but hee had been thy rivall here.

4.

Sing *Jo*, sing a-maine
 Thy tempting treasure,
 Out bounds all measure,
 Give thy ripe joyes full reine,
 And *Jo*. sing againe,
 Victorious *Cesar*

Beware of surfets though, thy lustie cheare.
 Ends not to night, the faire lasts all the yeare:

4.

But you think long I doubt,
 And loves complection,
 Prepares erection,
 What though yee taste of nought,
 All day, but naked thought:
 Night's the next section:

Then you shall ast, what wee but dream, deligha,
 Weed with yee too (if there were need) good night.

C 3

6 Come

Com *Bacchus* com let's trouble
 The merrie dishes
 Brim'd with best wishes.
 Mee thinks I see the soule,
 Of mirth in every bowle
 Presaging blisses.
 Your crop's full ear'd, full ripe, your eye discernes
 Plentie; what can wee wish yoe more but bearnes

*To my lillie white Leda
 in Commendation of a pale face.*

When red enchased in the skies wee finde.
 VVee strait conclude tis either raine, or winde.
 VVhen I a Rubrick on thy face espie,
 Faith I expect to see thee storme, or cry.
 Let them that dare condemne thy Ivery brow
 Tell mee how they could fancy bloud & snow.
 That monstrous, yea that menstruous product, who
 Could looke vpon't and not his teares ovr flow?
 Pray tell mee where the white, & damask rose
 From the sam stalk both white, & red disclose?
 Spaniells and Calves ate red and white tis true
 If you be red and white, pray what are you?
 VVould you commend her for her comly snout
 Thats particolour'd like a radish root?
 You'd think I mock you should I say you are
 Pure red & white as babies in the faire,

If red be such a grace; If red so please
 Haue mee commended to red latices.
 Yet the red rose is Cordiall. But the white
 Is ever most commended for the sight.
 From costard-mongers I haue understood
 Thus much! The red cheecht apple's seldom good.
 Red waxe is very common, But the white
 Is virgins wax, And a good price must buy'r,
 Pray tell mee now, would you be woo'd & prayd;
 To limbe your self out on a milke white maid?
 Marry com up; so when you are to write,
 You may condemne your paper cause tis white:
 Here, heres an Elizabeth, will you say what aile
 The shillings cause you see the face is pale?
 That were a pretty jeast, Alas, alas,
 If it were cherry cheecht it would not passe.
 Even Vitriall admitts a various hue
 Some is pure white, some greene, some perfect
 blew,
 And some is red too, But tis then confest
 The droffe & *Caput mortuum* of the rest
 In *Mercurie* as *Chymick* tearmes will ha't,
 The white's sublime, The red precipitate.
 Some Tulips, I remember I haue seene,
 Halfe red halfe white, but thy haue common been.
 Or were they rare should they come near my nose
 The posie were lesse wellcome, then the pose.
 White Robes at Nuptialls, shew a virgine state,
 And why not white checks beautyes candidate.
 What woul dst thou think if thou shoulds red espie
 Exchequer'd with the white thats in thine eye?
 Thoudst say'tis bloud-shot, How then ist a grace
 That blemishes the best part of thy face?

But why doe I thus eagerly allude
 To that whichall but blind men will conclude?

The silver Moon, the glittering train of night,
 The Lilly, Swan, and *Venus* Doves are white,
 But you say Reds a modest tincture, tush,
 Her conscience can not bid her count'nance blush
 VVhen shee hath done the thing shee ought not
 doe:
 Come to hir the n sheel blush as red as you.

————— *Rubicunda flat, Alba serenat.*

The Postscript,

To the precedent Poem.

BUt stay my whiteing, though I took thy part,
 'Twas not to shew thy beaurty, but my art.
 My conscience tell mee Red & white best pleases,
 VVhite not set off with Red portends diseases:
 But Poets *pro*, and *con*, salute and flight:
 Tell yee the Dove is black, And the Crow white,
 I could have writ as much, and given a grace
 Asample, to the Calf with the white face.
 Thus have I made thee faire and fowle; so truely
 Starch be it nere so white, comes of but blewly.

P. atque P.

To

To Mr. R. D.

S I R,

Y Our safe returne unto mine cares being come
 I could no less then bid you welcome home.
 At present I have nothing worth your view,
 Only my white fac'd *Leda*, but shee's new
 And fresh attir'd, If I have drest hir right:
 Say but the word, And I have hir the White:

*Militat omnis amans, & habet sua Castra
 Cupido.*

L O V E hath his tents & lovers souldiers are
 Prest out to serve in an intestine VVarr,
Cupid become a Leader now I finde,
 The proverb, verified, The blind leads the blinde.

———*Cæco carpitur Ignis*

To my honoured friend.

*A Gentleman that in a frolick would needs
barb mee.*

I.

But BEN

Let me know when

Thou wilt returne agen:

Oh thy departure drew a teare,

Not from the warrie surface of the spheare

No, no it drew it, whist, stay there

Least while such newes I send,

I much offend,

My friend,

2.

Indeed

Since twas decreed

Thou shouldst depart with speed

I could not choose, but heavily look

To loose at once my barber, and my Cooks

I will be sworn upon a booke

I oft thee wanted have

My chin to shave,

Poore knave.

And

And clip
 My upper lippe
 And make the haire to skip
 For having mended my bad face
 Thou good Lawn Bands about my neck didst place
 And cufst my hands, but now alas
 I shall, I am in mind
 No Barber finde
 So kinde.

To William Kemp.

Saturday last faith *will* you sent mee Sack
 By *Bacchus* scarce was worth the sending back
 Be now a trusty soule, and, send me White.
 Or Renish, which you will but let't be right
 Feel out some cell where *Phæbus* cannot come
 I know *will* will send good if *Vill* b'at home

*A Gentleman surprized with the sight of a
 Lady unknowne to him, betroathed
 to another.*

U Nhappy happinesse, peireing pleasing fate
 By too good fortune made infortunate,
 My blis, and blasted eyes made mee at once
 My self an Emperour, and a slave pronounce.

What

What strange affections on my spirit ceaze?
 Whereof the cure is worse then disease .
 VVhat heavenly fire is this, torments & joyes mee
 VVhich if I blow consumes; if quench destroyes mee?
 Take here O take this love-slaine heart of mine
 This victim fallne on your victorious shrine,
 Only let love since to your pile I come
 Honour my sacrifice with martyrdome.
 And tis enough, Since I cant overcome yee.
 He kille the stroakes my fates allot mee from yee
 Yet on my urne should you one glance contrive
 My ashes with the *Phenix* might revive ,
 If not a smile, O yet let pitty lend mee
 A sigh, that may to the next world commend mee
 Where my then happier eyes may have the grace
 Freely to feast on your Seraphick face.

To my Cozen Coy.

I.

Tis not for vertues sake that you,
 Are wont to keepe so much adoe,
 For wee know by experience,
 And you by your owne conscience,
 That wenches will for all their sturres,
 Cling in a corner close as burres.

2.

Those things most take men's palates ever,
 They purcha sic with most hard endeavor,

And

And thats the reason that yee maids,
 Hold up the rate of maiden-heads.
 VWhich if you were not coy and nice
 Alack a day! would beare no price.

3.

Pray doe not yee your faces skreen,
 To be with double luster seen.
 VWhat is it but to tempt beholders,
 Yee show your naked neck, and, shoulders.
 VWhy doe you else pache white with black?
 But that yee more oth same stusse lacke?

4.

Cold-rounded fires, themselves contract,
 And are most violent in act.
 And I conceive fair maids desires,
 Are but such snow-environ'd fires.
 And when I see snow on their skin
 I judge them then all fyre, within.

5.

Tell mee who will do so mickle
 'As shee that hants a conventickle.
 Shee is one of *Adams* race,
 That observes no tyme nor place.
 Though in the midst of lent it chance,
 Shee take it, if the flesh advance.

And

6.

And you your self *Abstemia*
 Will sport and play as well as they,
 I know you loyter but to be
 Embrac'd by opportunity
 And in things forbid delight
 To show your selfe *Eves* Daughter right.

7.

Tell mee no more of Apes in hell
 Though th' excuse become yee well;
 Come prettie soule tis to no boot
 You cannot live unlesse you doe'r:
 For the thing that we talk of pleased
 Nay more then that prevents diseases.

8.

Were't not more wisdom to be dumb,
 Then word it to be overcome?
 Do'nt wee in common queans espie
 These your weapons, nay piish, nay fye,
 That ere halfe the fight be done
 VVish that they may be over run.

9.

Come come Gifle if thou dost burne
 See thou bank'st not a good turne,

Those

Those bonny lasses wiser are
 That know when they are offer'd faire
 Yet if shame bid thee forsake it
 Prethee play the maid, say nay and take it,

To my pale Pippin

Paller in ore sedet ———

HEr cheeks are like her blind cheeks pale
 And wan, Her lipps are lick her taile,
 Her piteous looks may happily move
 Compassion in mee; never love.
 Shall I bow down; or kneel to that
 That seems to mee inanimate?
 So while I to my suite addict her,
 I pray with Papists to a Picture,
 Doe yee not see how meager death,
 Seems through hir Organs to steal breath
 And *Succubus* ha's from the dust
 Rear'd her to satiate his lust
 Tell mee pale *Phebe* dont you clin be
 Old walls to banquet on the lime?
 I know you love such festivalls
 Your white wusth cheeks resemble walls.
 Say nother pious, doe you not
 For Oatmeal prob the Porridge-pot
 Run you not into privat holes
 To break your fast with salt and Coales
 I might a thousand knecks repeat,
 VVhat could I name but you would eat
 In shame whereof your bloud refraines
 Your cheeks, And lurks within your veines,

Unill

Vntill it bee suborn'd thence,
 By your flagitious conscience.
 Nor are you lillie like, but fallow
 And sapie-coutenanc'd like tallow,
 For when your dropping nose you handle,
 You seeme to mee to snuffe a candle.
 And they that keepe you reape disgrace,
 Whilst men read famine on your face.
 Natures, besiegd, And all your pores
 Obstructed block up her recourse
 Whilst in dispaire of life you burne,
 For a good husband, or goode turne..
 There must bee vent, Tis to noe boot
 To talke, you must or dye, or doet.
 And should, wee but a while delay you,
 You'd cry harke harke for life wee pray you..
 You can no such improvement feel
 In *allume posets* or crude Steele.
 You know your selfe theres nothing can,
 Be so aperitive as man.
 Who in the sweetest sence is said,
 To cure you of your maiden head.
 Which should you but a while retaine,
 A pessarie would come in vaine.
 What neede men care then for such wives,
 As Marry but to save their lives?
 He must as much (that weddeth thee)
 Thy doctor; As thy husband be.
 Noe, Ile to *Bacchus* where being come,
 The first attendant shewes a rome.
 The next presents a glanceing lasse,
 Like *Venus* in a venice glasse.
 With that I knock, & as some sp'rix
 I conjur up pure red and white.
 My circles a round table. And
 In midst thereof does *Hymen* stand

With a light rapour . when I call,
 To celebrate my nuptiall.
 Here doe I a french madam place
 And there a sweet-lips spanish lasse
 Here all in white a lady dances.
 And there in red an other glances.
 And least mine eyes want fresh delight,
 Here sets Claretta red & whit.
 Nor doe I complement I trow,
 But tell them plaine'tis so and so,
 Thy struggle not nor are they coy
 But I may what I will enjoy.
 No there's no coyle made for a kisse ;
 Though melting melting, melting blisse.
 No shifting from the freindly cup
 But I may freely all take up.
 And in each face if I so please,
 Ile court myne owne cffigies.

VWho would not then on this stage set Narcissus,
 VWhere lively lipps so sweetly say come kisse us?

Mrs. E. G.

To hir false and faithlesse servant.

BVt whence false wretch are these delays,
 Didst thou not sweare,
 By all that's deare,
 Should lyons block up thy assayes,
 Thy Pinnace scorn'd such remoraes,

much

2.

Most faithlesse of thy sex farewell:
 Art not thou hee
 That vow'd to mee
 No fates decree nor *Circean* spell,
 Should keep thee from my Cittadell?

3.

Yet flatterer thou art beg'd, and flown
 From the warm nest
 Of my soft breast,
 And like that night thou lelt's mee gone
 Ah! who would such a traytor owne?

4.

They that dare most, I see dare least
Peter pretends
 More then his friends,
 But being brought unto the test,
 Hee turnes more cravant then the rest.

5.

A feeble hermit raz'd the fort
 Offsecresie
 Twixt thee and mee,
 O shame, Cowards I see resort
 To *Lov's*, though not to *Mars* his Court:

Thinkst

6.

Thinkst thou the gods that testifie
 From Heaven above
 Thy vowes of love,
 Will quit thee of thy perjury?
 That were, to make themselves like thee.

7.

Well I conclude then nothing else
 But love is dead
 And faith is fled,
 Unto the breasts of infidells
 And there, if any where it dwells.

8.

False and faint heart adieu, nere sue
 Nor wooc no more,
 As here to fore,
 For here is all Ile answer you,
 False and faint heart adieu adieu,

——— *Piget infido consuluisse viro.*

His

His Answer.

A Nd why so sharp? in truth (my dear) I must,
 Accuse your furie of unkind distrust.
 You should observe the end, and only glance,
 Not dwell on the emergent circumstance.
 Shall I plounge through th' abisse of danger, when
 I may avoyd it; And goe right agen.
 VVhat you mis-construe as some light abuse,
 Reason will read a requisite excuse.
 VVhat should wee but invite the publicke scorne
 To boast our harvestere wee reap our corne.
 The wealthy'st wights petend the weake'st store,
 And what they hugge, conceale, I doe no more;
 For knowledge will but make us table-talk,
 VVhilst love delights in shady cist pathes to-walk.
 Forbeare a while my love and then expect
 Your patience crown'd with blest, with wisht effect.
 Those that doe otherwise, the world but calls,
 Them Posthumous to there owne nuptialls,
 Noe, noe, my heart's but one, though for a space,
 I seeme to putt on Ianus deuble face,
 In which strange dresse I yet, would hope I show
 I love thee more then all the world shall know.

To the faire Mrs E. R.

MADAM.

Y^eare lovely faire, and but I know, X
 You are not proud, I would not tell you so:
 For my part I commend your sweet complexion.
 Nither for hope of favour, nor affection.
 Only since I have litle else to doe,
 I prayse the most prayse worthy, And tis you:
 Here's no hard words but in plaine english thus,
 Y^eare handsme, yonge, rich, vertuous.
 VVhat can be wisht for more? where nature places
 A heaven of beauty in a heaven of graces.
 But if you be as free as you are faire
 All's nothing, and you are not what you are.

*Da dextram misera & tecum me tolle per
 undas.*

Phillis, Charon.

Pb. Boat, a Boat Charon, come set me over.

Ch. VVho calls hells fatall ferriman?

Pb. A Lover.

Ch. And thou shalt stay the longer for't I vow,

Pb. Youle not be so unmercifull I trow,

Ch. Left handed luck light on yee every houre
 Ime troubl'd to transport such brands as you
 are.

Pb. Nay

Ph. Ney good sweet *Charon*, com?

Ch. Yes sweet on still, &

VVhen I have nothing else to do, I will.

Ph. VVhat ?

(sailes)

Ch. Grease my Boar, and patch my shattered
And set me down and rest mee;

Ph. *Iove* what ayle?

(start)

This froward patch? come prethee to the
I am a stranger, come put off thy wrath.

Ch. Hence Cupids brands,

Ph. Not so,

Ch. Ile come no nigher:

Ph. VVhy?

Ca. For youl set my pitchy Boar on fire,
I fry already with transporting flames
Such as have almost drank up al my streams

Ph. Canst thou feare that and see these fresh
supplies,

So streaming from the Conduits of mine
Eyes?

Ch. VVell well,

Ph. Nay more if *Charon* shall think good
These Armes as Oares shall wave the stigi-
an flood,

This wast thy Mast: And this dishevell'd
haire,

Ile into Cables twist;

Ch. VVell you speak faire.

Ph. Come then;

Ch. I am at hand, but ere thy foot Boord mee,
How canst thou here timely or not?

Ph. VVhat makes that to my speed? Come waite
me over,

And talke of that anon.

Ch.

Cb. Nay soft, discover

Or thou art at thy furthest; Trust no tricks
Nor falſities, But ſwear by ſacred *Stix*,
VVhich even the gods call not to lyes,
VVithout the forfeit of their deities,
And loſs of *Nectar* for a hundred years.

Speak, *Phs* VVhat is *Phillis* faultie here appeares.

Cb. Thou canſt not paſs.

Ph. The gods forbid O ſmother
That breath, This death is worſe then th'o-
ther;

I paſt laſt night, That I implunged in
For love, and muſt I dye again for ſin?
Is it decreed?

Cb. It is, and ſigned by fate.

Ph. Ile ſupplicate the Gods then.

Cb. Tis too late.

Ph. Hard hap, but ſawſt thou not my *Demophon*
Cb. I did.

Ph. VVhere;

Cb. Hee is to *Elyſium* gone.

Ph. And I left here O *Charon* prethee either
VVaſt mee to him, or fetch him hither.

Cb. Neither?

Ph. Shall he live happy?

Cb. Yes.

Ph. Then let me come

For hee knowes I am his *Elyſium*.

Cb. Thou canſt not wretch:

Ph. Nee? whether ſhall I then
Betake my ſelfe?

Cb. To yond fowle foggy fen,

Ph. And what when there?

Cb. Still tide it to and fro,

In deep despaire as those self murtherers doe,
Seest thou these Troops like Autumnes leavy
spoile,

VVhat self bemoaning, what unpittied coyle
They keep? But I sterne *Charon* have no cares
To heare their plaints; no eyes to see their
teares.

Ph. Have I contemned life, neglected Thrace
And my imperiall scepter for this place?

Ch. Blame thine own Rashnes to anticipate,
The supream: act of Adamantine fate,

Ph. Has thou no pittie left for Queens.

Ch. No, now
The basest beggar is as great as thou.

Ph. O give me yet a draught of Lethe, that
I may forget the tyranny of fate.

Ca. It cannot be allow'd alas thy woe
Begin but now.

Ph. VVhen end they then?

Ch. God knowes.

Ph. Pitty sweet *Charon*, pittie for his sake,
VVhose innocence must of my greits pertake
For hee and I long since agreed upon
This, Hee should *Phillis* be, I *Demophon*
Our faithfull lipps were pledges of this twine
Hee giving his heart, I returning mine.
Tis I have sin'd, And must hee beare the
blow.

Tis not my heart, but his that suffers now,
O either yeild then to my just desire,
Or let mee suffer in my selfe entire,
But if't may be, Celestiall pittie move,
To spare us both, and lay the fault on Love.

Ch. VVell

Ch. Weell love shall blind the Gods & pittie shal
 For once the faire quene be presidentiall.
 Or if the Gods will not commiserate,
 He steale thee over stix in spite of fate

Flectere sinequeo Acheronta movebo.

Miserum me fuisse felicem!

To Mr. H. C.

Had *Palmyrus*, never stear'd so farre,
 As India, where the earthes choyce treasures
 are.

His wooden Castle, might have split in sunder,
 And nere arrived ata nine dayes wonder:

Had *Bellisarius*, and I, never scene,
 The faithlesse face of change's changefull queene;
 And to so lostie hopes had no admission,
 How blest had wee bene in our low condition?

Had *Athenais* not *Endoxia* bene,

T'had bene no wound to be throwne downe agen;

Had I nere sene you (fairest) then my breast,

Had still bene calme in its haven of rest.

What th'eye nere sees, the heart nere grieves? had I
 Nere drank at all, then had I nere bene dry.

I saw you but, and the wing' archers bow,

Drawn by the attractives of your eyes peirc'd
 through.

My heart, so did hee from those eyes procure,

His bolt, his bowstringe, and his cynoure.

D

Unlucky

Unlucky luck, with joy and woe it fills mee,
Tarantula like, it makes mee laugh, and kills mee,
 Tis thou hast wounded mee, and I must meet
 My cure in thee, O my sweet, bitter-sweet.

Sic mihi res eadem vulnus opemque tulit.

A. B. *To an Irish Gentlewoman
 that slighted him.*

W^Hat time my bloud shall boyle so in my Veines
 As I shall need a cooler for my reynes,
 Ile call on *Jo.* fairer far then you are
 Shall ease me of my Cod-peice Calenture;
 But if a *Priapisme* put me hard upon't
 Ile keep a Cow: And not an Irish Ront.

*To my noble Cousen Mr. R. C.
 coming in mourning to be
 merry with his friends.*

A^Nd why in black? what means this nights arm
 Since I am frolick as the day?
 Why comest thou thus in mourning to thy friend
 As if to minde him of his end?

In such sad weeds the unwellcome Raven come:

To croak out our determinated doomes:

Shake of these mystic foggs, that wee may know,

How much wee to thy visit owe,

Come not as thou hid'st treason in thy shroud,

But lend the sweltring Sun thy cloud.

So shall hee set him downe and slumber, while

Thou cher'st us with thy smile;

How ill contrived is that companie

VVhere one does laugh, another cry? (black

This man is cloathed in whit, that blew, thou

Even just like *Jeffery. James and Iack.*

VVhat will the world conclude when they see thee

In this fleabitten liverie?

Wee laugh, you lowre, wee singe, your serious state.

Seemes to affect the marbles fate,

This discord is unmusicall come, come,

Vncase unmask', and let each roome.

Thou glidest through, so radiant appeare,

As if the orbe of light moved there:

Breake out bright Soule, & give our wonder birth

At the *Meridian* of thy mirth.

Trust meet'were good and rare, but I see plaine,

Thou bring'st old fashions up againe;

Thy presence was a banquet and thou didst

Present a deaths head in the midst,

So all thy courtesie ru'ns upon crutches,

Like him, makes a good feast, and grutcheth:

But, prethee, shall I this a visit call?

Suer thou cam'st to my funerall;

Or i't because thy clothes gainst surfets be,

mementoes of mortalitye?

Dost come to laugh, And set good chear to wrack,

And yet bring *Lent* upon thy back?

Nere fear good. Cos. Heres nothing needs,

Such overmonitory weeds;

We have not to present you, what is rare
 Only y'are wellcome to our country; fare;
 Good powderd beefe, good mutton and good
 sherrie,
 And so, and so, I pray be merry,
 With which accept our hearts; wee could extend
 no more, should a'll the Gods descend.
 And if this paper find acceptance too,
 That's more fir then I promis'd you.
 But I had rather be abrupt then tedious,
 And therefore thus, and only thus,
 You come in mourning, but when you returne,
 You may leave of, but we must mourne.

Agratus ades
To my highly honoured cozen Mr B. C.
Comming to Norwich.

And art thou come boons Brew? then Norwich say,
 I thanks (noble *Phosphor*) for this wisht for day
 Then wellcome, wellcome, be they ever dumb:
 That say not now wellcome B. C. wellcome:
 Had I bene mute from birth, I now had broke,
 All tounge tyes, and with dumb borne Aris spoke;
 As *Jove* came downe the trisie to discusse,
 T'wixt frogs and mice; so camst thou downe to us;
 Both from above: though, here some difference lyes;
 Hee came from heave'ns, thou from earth's paradise.
 Yee both defend, being both divinely bright,
 To dazle our inferiour Orb with light:
 The country swaines' cause they alas could spell
 No higher title, call thee Collenell;

Some

Some wiser though then others, reaping corne,
 Thinke thou art *Ceres*, and resound their horne.
 Devoutly beg thy largesse, and out vye,
 The thunder with the ecch'o of their cry.
 But when thou camest in at *Stephens* gate,
 Thou gav'st our city cause enough of prate;
 O how the people hurry, hurry ran,
 To gaze upon thee as if more then man!
 What heards of *Aproners* at every look?
 Read on thy robes *Norfolks* illustrious Duke?
 Weavers, like shutles, here, and there perpe cur,
 And make no workon't for the revell rout,
 Who finding how in vaine they strive for roome,
 Each in a fustian furrey to his loome.
 Returnes, And armed with his well try'd beame,
 Levels his passage through th' oposing stream;
 You'd laugh to see, how *Taylours* skipt about,
 As mad as dogs to see themselves cut out.
 VVishing their needles had no eyes so they,
 (Poore thieves) might see their bellyfull to day.
 The that her from the top oth' house, seing all,
 Capers as if hee car'd not for a fall;
 But tis too tedious to recite the rest,
 They that were part oth' Crowd can tell you best.
 O how they shrunk into each others arme!
 T'was a great mercy, that there was no harme;
 Their bodies twin'd, and tounge lay never still,
 As if the rout had bene a twistring mill.
 In deede the *Mayor*, and all the skarlet *Donnes*,
 The bells too, and the thunder thumping *Gunnes*,
 Had bene your entertainment; but of late,
 Tis superstition, and growne out of date,
 Nor had I thought t'haue writte, but your advance
 Constraine mee, *Orpheus*, playes, & trees must dance
 I am created poest by my Theame,
 Like *Memnon's* statute by *Apellos*, became.

To the worshipfull A. D. his Majesties
Physitian Crossing the
Seas.

A Ccept his sad farewell, Sir, who here sings,
As dying Swans do at *Meanders* Springs;
Farewell, Stop there; O how the surges rise,
Into a brynic spring-tide from mine eyes?
As if yet hope were left that these salt flowes
Might lend you Sea room, or else drown my woes;
And least you want wherewith to fill your saile,
My sighes swell up themselves into a gale;
If still be calm'd, may you at least yet finde,
The proverb true in this, my Words, are Winde,
Meane time I shall to *Aolus* repaire,
That he would breath you winde enough and faire;
And then, to him commands the wavye Court,
To chyde the Dolphins from their ominous sport;
Next ile entreat the azure-mantled skies,
To let their smiles, be your faire auguries;
And may your thankfull patients, beg of heaven
Health for you, Sir, who health to them have given
If among us to rearrive you please,
VVeel say, *Phæbus* comes from th' *Antipodes*.
If your return though, be deny'd by fate;
Live *Nesters* years in *Avicenna's* state.
And *Æsculapius*-like confirme the Earth
With faith, that you are of immortall birth;
This boon I beg, Sir, and this only one,
Now, and then, think on your poor *Stevenson*.

To the City of
CRACOVIA.

Not out of Love, but fear of following evils,
The Moores of India sacrifice to devills;
 So we to Norwich did invite Sir Thomas,
Only for this, to get him further from us.

To Mr. R. C. upon
The Mourning Ring he sent mee.

What, shall I laugh, or weep? this present;
 doth
 Present mee a necessity of both:
 How can I choose but smile, when I behold
 My lucky starrs laden with orient Gold?
 But when I see it through black Curtains peeping,
 Ah mee! I think, &c. fall a weeping,
 My passions fight and flow, and it appears,
 Excess of joy, as well as grief, finds teares;
 Whilst I thus rapt *Narcissus*-like espie
 Sun shine, and showers, play *Aprill* in mine eyes;
 See how the Gold bepeeps in sable shrouds,
 Like *Phæbus* posting through the raine-swolne
 clouds;

And well the smile holds, the black present
 His setting, and the Gold his orience.
 Here night and day *Luna* and *Sol* appeare,
 As if true *Æquinox* were only here.
 Nor should I much mistake the *Æqu'page*,
 To call the golden, in the iron age:
 I may go boast, I on my finger weare
 The pythicst Hyeroglyphick of the yeare:
 For I can summer in thy poesie read,
 And winter to the life in thy deaths head:
 Pretty, and precious gift, it shoves to mee
 Both puritie, and perpetuity;
 For whilst the Gold thy pure love does command,
 The Ring instructs my thanks to know no end.

*To — upon
 his giving mee a Library.*

HOW say you now? think you, I do not please
 My friend well, to obtaine such gifts as these?
 VVhat a whole Library at once? who looks
 Upon it, must conclude mee in his books.

*To a Gentlewoman, that refused.
 A very rich Suitor, because
 he was not very hand-
 some.*

F'Aire Cosen, let me in this case advise,
 To quitt your fancy: and give reason eyes:
 They

They that choose apples by their looks, are oft
 Foild in their hopes, and for their folly scost.
 Tis not the outside makes the man, Alas
 A man's a man, had hee no Nose on's face.
 Your *Lapidaries* not unoften note,
 The rarest Jewell in a ragged Coat:
 This Gentleman whose double duty serves you,
 For ought I know, is one that well deserves you. }
 Forsake your eyes here, and trust to your care,
 Hees sober, steady, staid, and fit to steare
 In this tempestuous age: hard hap betides
 Such vessells as have green heads for their guides,
 But you shall ride amidst proud waves secure,
 Hee being Pilot, And you Cynosure.
 I could both name the parties, and the places,
 Had bargaines soule enough of the faire faces,
 Nor yet is liking allwayes beauties child,
 Some have more wit then so to be beguild:
 Beauties a blossom, and so quickly fled,
 Tis scarce possesse, ere it be vanished:
 Strike while the Irons hot Cos. least you find
 The Proverb true, occasions bald behind.
 To me the man seems passing lovely, Tush,
 His beauty's inward, Goodwinc needs no tush
 Hee's rich enough to make the world his debtor
 Love, and lay hold then, seldome comes a better.
 I had not writ thus much, but that I know
 Your parents own it, and advise you so.
 VVhose directory pleasure but fullfill,
 And you do well, though you do nere so ill:
 Read, and revise these lines, sweet Cos. least you
 VVhilst you your self make fast, your selfe undoe. }

To a faire Lady.

M A D A M;

HARD is the task to write to such as you,
For if I give you but whats halfe your due,
Such as are unacquainted with your worth;
Are apt to say, I highly set you forth;
Whilst these that know you, must conclude, with
mee,

Your praise above the straine of flattery.
They that nere saw the glory of the Sun,
Would think the Moon lights only parragon;
So such, to whom scarce a good face is knowne,
Measure your beamfull beauty by their owne;
Whilst, saw they but your face, As in amaze
Theyd worship, what they wonder I so praise:
Could you (faire soule) but parcell out your
graces,

There were enough t'enrich a thousand faces
And leave your selfe such store, as (though your
light,

Have made them starres) you'd still be Queen of
night,

But hold my Muse, my paper is halfe done
And I have scarce her story yet begun.

But that would ask (to tell you what I think)
A world of paper, and a Sea of Inke.

O: Inke said I? Inke alas! would make that,
A spotted fame, that is immaculate,
No, I will rather never write at all,

Then mention her, who is all-sweet, in gall:

Hee that the Bow-bell of her praise would ring,
 Must pluck a pincon from a *Seraphins* wing.
 And write in *Nectar* till her fame appears
 An anthem to the musick of the spheares
 But to leave what only my wish effects,
 My fancy to whats feasible directs;
 Ile rob the Swan of her white quill and then
 With the same pen-knife that I make my pen,
 Ile lance my purple veynes, and therewith write
 Her story, like her self in red, and white.
 And when my bloud ha's all forsook my veines,
 Let mee but be her Martyr for my paines.

To my Mistresse.

SO love me ever all yee powers divine;
 As I love her, whom hope perswades is mine:
 Rich then and happie were I, this to winne
 A beauty, Heaven without, and Heaven within.
 Had I the world (as *Alexanders* heire)
 Left mee, a patrimony high, and faire
 Enough yee'd think, yet I for all this store,
 Except thee whom I love, love mee, am poore.

The middle Sister.

FAIREST,

DAME nature seems to make your Sisters stand
As handmaids, that attend on either hand;
To right, or left I turne not, Poets say
The middle is the best, and safest way.
I view the Temples, and I find them three,
But still the middle Temple goes for mee:
Your Sisters are like banks on either side,
Whilst you, the Chrysell streame, betwixt them
glyde;
Tis light at morne, and when the day declines,
But yet, the brightest Sun at midday shines:
Methinks your Sisters stand on either side,
Like Bride-maids, you in middle like a Bryde,
Doubtlesse in you the middle grace I see
On this side Faith, on that side Charity;
My fancy seems to dictate to my sense
A Cawsway, twixt two Ditches or its fence.
The smooth and silent floods, in middle flow,
But the shores murmur; cause thwater's low.
And now I tell you, but what the world knows
Full well, betwixt two Nettles sits a Rose.

The joviall Journey.

UP *Phœbus* up, and guild the horizon,
 For love, and beauty, are a progresse gone.
 Stand not to gaze, least thy too curious eye,
 A fairer *Daphne*, in this Coach espie;
 And thou great Prince of winds vouchsafe to us
 The gentle gusts of sweet breath'd *Zepherus*:
 Come yee auspicious Choristers of the aire,
 Let these faire Ladies see yes promise faire.
 Chery up (sweet Syren of the woods) nere feare
 Here is no *Tereus*, come be merry here,
 And if the dust, it self too proudly reares,
 Some gentle Cloud rebuke it with its teares:
 Let the Earths green Plush, and floscular starres
 out vye
 The brighter Orbs, of the frost warning skie;
 Let every brook present some pretty toy,
 And every hedge be lin'd with travellers joy,
 Grant fates, no inauspicious hare may chance
 To crosse, yee, through unlucky ignorance;
 But as the morning, so the evening may
 Answer the beauty of a glorious day.
 Then Sun, Wind, Birds, Raine, Earth and flower,
 conspire
 A harmony, next the Celestiall Quire:
 And when friends meet, be your embraces such
 As lovers, that each minuts absence grutch.
 Whilst all that see, admire your greeting kisse,
 As if the body met the soule in blisse,

To my Rivall.
*Presenting my Mrs. Gold upon
 Her Journey.*

(Heeces?

How now (my heart of gold) what mean these
 Hast broke thy heart and & given it her in peeces?
 Or didst thou throw thy gold into her lap,
 A ransom for thy ignorant escape?
 Wouldst else be in the list of fame enrolld,
 To court thy love like love in shours of gold.
 State-politic in faith, they wine the Towers,
 That shoot gold bullets at the Governours.
 Thou hast good reason too, to use this sort,
 Of golden battery, to so strong a fort.
 Beelieve mee, this was a well cover'd bayt,
 You hope, shee will in loves exchanging repay'r.
 I hope so to, faith it was sauey sport,
 Should you not get her portion mortgag'd fort.
 T'may be you were in feare to loose it, and
 Made an assurance office of her hand.
 Or did the charmesfull sparkles of her eye,
 Dant your faint hart int' a delivery?
 Goe charge the country then, for it was done
 I am your witness between sun, & sun:
 You that your gold thus to a virgin yeild,
 Doubtlesse a bush had robd you in the field;
 How if some theit should steale away her heart,
 And of her portion take thy gold in part?
 This were a double miserie, for then you
 Loose both your gold, and your adventure too.
 Tmay be you think you have good anchor-holde,
 And in her pockets bottom thrust your gold.

Maiden

Maidens are mutable, be wise, beware,
 The wind, & waves, not more unconstant are.
 But you haue balanc'd hir with gold, least shee
 Should suffer shipwrack in her leuitie:
 Faith you abuse your selfe, and her much more
 To give her monie; Give it to a whore;
 For I must answer for her, shee don't carrie,
 The needy garb, of one that's mercenarye:
 I wonder shee would take, But 'tis an old
 Proverb; that none but madfolke refuse gold.
 But all the world (should you be now delisted)
 Would say, A foole and's money is soone parted

*Vpon a Porter Catching a
 Gentlewoman as shee past by him.*

Last night a Porter . standing by the pye,
 At Algate, saw a handsome lass com by,
 To whome hee flew with all his speede to court her,
 I wonder, for shee did not call a porter.
 Still hee did hugg and in his armes enfold her,
 As if he meant to heave her on his shoulder:
 Hee wound her so, a stander by strait swore,
 Some gentleman had sent him for a whore.
 Shee cald him rogue, and lute shee cald him right
 Yet hee, shee should not goe, lware by his light
 Porter said I take heede, though shee be not,
 Too heavy, sirrah, shee may be too hot.
 Besides shee's of your trade, And free shee beares
 As many burthens as you for your eates:
 Though with this difference, shee beares her pack,
 Vpon her belly; you vpon your backe.
 Yee both weare baggs, distinguish the same way,
 With Fryers shee of black, and you of grey;

You

You have a pad, and shee, for ought I saw,
 Was like enough to have a pad ith straw:
 You have a Cord you do about you cast
 Shee had a cordie robe about her wast:
 Both have your aprons. Say you have a frock,
 So shee haes that will rime to it a smock.
 Shees call'd upon, and calls upon her too
 Sometimes a Porter such a knave as you.
 But I perceive you well whereto she ply'de
 And had the fit come on you now to ride:
 If not, you are a lasie looby right,
 To struggle with a burthen was so light.

At a Tapsters wedding.

FAith I will tell you now a prettie triek,
 This Tapster, gat the wench just in the nick,
 Shee was; stay there! But why should I be loath
 To tell the truth? shee was, as light as froath:
 Hence I perceive, the Proverbs sometimes crost,
 For shee that's light, does not lye uppermost.
 Shee had been broacht a hundred times before,
 No matter, he had rapt as many more:
 Shee's modest though, as I'me an honest man
 Shee blushes, just like any Cedar can.
 And cause sheel be a smirking rogue, shee sweare
 sheel snatch the smiles from all the laughing here,
 But heres enough of her, lets kisse the Cup
 And if her Husband wont: weel stop her up.
 As for his part, hee was so crank, his geare
 Out of his Codpeice, flew like bottle here.

But she hoping the worst did clap her thigh
 Close to the ——— that nere a drop went by.
 She was a thrifty wench he got from Wopping,
 That thought it sin to loose the least rap-dropping.
 I heard her say my selfe though he should fill her
 Up to the brim, he should not want a Killer:
 She told him of his wenching too, and swore
 Unless he left it, she would quit his score;
 Nor should he ramble up and down the Town
 Nor draw through any Fasset but her own
 Faith if you do, (and out an Oath she lasses)
 Ile find you out among your balderdashes)
 And if your tralops must not be forborne,
 Ile break your pots: And make you drink in horne.
 But t'end the jeast adding one more t'out passe it
 See here the Spiggitt's marrig'd to the Fasset,

Summer.

S Nakes cast their skins, and they are young again
 Summers the substance, winter the cast skin:
 Summer is Youth in sprightly Equipage,
 Winter's decrepit crasie, uselesse Age.
 Sol's aureat beames so guild the worlds vast stage,
 Twere small mistake, to call the golden age;
 Summers all praise, what need it then a Poet (it
 to speak it faire? since who know nought else, know
 I might embellish summers sweet complexion,
 Call Winter death; Summer the resurrection.
 And when my tale with all my art is told,
 What will the world conclude my news, but old?

Nor is it more then children use to say,
 A summers' evening, is a winters day.
 But Ile abruptly off, and what I have,
 Begun absurdly, as absurdly leave;
 Least I goe scale the spheares, and blinde with light
 Set in a cloud & simply say, Good night:

In prayse of winter.

HONOUR and Age inhabit the same spheare,
 Winter is the antiquity of the yeare:
 Grave signiour Hyems, so his hoary pate,
 And snowy beard, denounce his aged state,
 See but how like a statlye traveller,
 Northward hee comes; Autumne's his harbinger,
 That bids the trees unmask, unweyle their creasts,
 That he may read submission on their breasts:
 Whilst their green offspring lowly fall, to greet
 The potent presence of his stable feet,
 The gawdy bankes pack up alas! here comes
 No midwife Aprill, to unteeme their wombs,
 Nay here the showr'd downe waters, stand amaz'd,
 Rivers are ChrySTALLIN'd, Neptunes hall is glaz'd,
 Spouts have their pendants, paultry thatch receive
 Translucent Chrystall, And adorne his Eaves,
 Let's a fable, but I here presume
 To justifie, that Jove descends in plume.
 And that the stupid Earth may know he comes,
 The Heavens send down whole showers of Sugar
 plums.
 Whilst streets are pay'd with Pearl: Let summer
 boast
 Such pomp, such cates, and all my praise is lost.

But here's not all of winter; you shall see
 His providence for mortall wights, whilst hee
 Locks up the graine in bosome of the Earth,
 Till *Ceres* blesse it with a thriving birth.
 How would the blade endure th' *Æolian* tugging,
 But winter guards it with his snow-white tugging?
 We may conclude his power, in that he can
 Enjoyne the *A'ps* a pennance as a man.
 The saucie Dust checkt into mud, and mire,
 Merits no mention, our reports are higher:
 Summer breeds surfets, and infects the blood,
 Winter is haile againe, and makes all good:
 Is beauty of esteem? then winter can
 Boast, hee abstergeth Summers freckled tan:
 Ladies so spruce to captivate mens sight,
 Borrow March winds to make that sprusenesse
 white.

Winter makes men couragious, who dare
 Dance upon *Thetis* lap at midsummer.
 In Summers dayes even length, and lazinesse meet
 Winters are short; The Proverbs, short and sweet,
 Theres none so bad to be call'd dog-dayes here,
 No no we move not in so base a spheare:
 No scorching Sun offends, any man may
 With a good faggot make a Summers day:
 What entertainment to a winters toast?
 VVhat Christmassie, pray, can *June* or *July* boast?
 Summer alas hath no *Æolian* breath,
 To rescue his perishing souls from death,
 Flame-colour'd hearth, even ready to expire,
 Looks pale as ashes, Sol puts out the fire,
 Trees strait are lopt then and their verdant locks
 Borrow'd, to border ovt the Chymnic stocks;
 Set out with trunks of trees, stumps, armes and all,
 As if the Chymnic were some Hospitall:
 In winter time the hearth stands alter wise,
 And men with hands erected sacrifice.

VVhilst

Whilst in a round the Priests of *Bacchus* sing
 Ingenious Anthems, to their grape-crownd King:
 In winter men at cold meat make a pish,
 In Summer they are glad of such a dish;
 Winter hath boyld, and bak't, and roast, Alas!
 Summer turnes men, as men do beasts, to grasse,
 Winter makes warres of tease, who would not that
 If peace and plenty have no praise, then what?
 I might enlarge my self, but thus farre may,
 Suffice to travell on a winters day.
 Who likes not this, a gods name let him run
 Out of Gods blessings, into the warm sun.

Upon Yorkshire Ale.

1.

POx take your *Yorkshire* Ale,
 It did so firk my taile
 That that I had like beshit mee;
 Besides, so damnd a tumour .
 Possess its divellish humour,
 As it had almost split mee.

2.

Now hang thee tike of *York*,
 Thou giv'st us neither Cork,
 Nor yet convenient wedges;
 And know'st thy wylic wort,
 Is wont to make us squort
 Over a thousand hedges.

That

3.

That men should sit and fuddle
In such a sink of puddle
And to, and fro so put her;
Just such Ambrosia sucks
A Company of Ducks
Out of a filthy gutter.

4.

For my part Ile get bay't
And in my belly lay't
Having drunk this dirty floud:
VVhat ere my palat feeles,
There cannot but be Eels
VVhere there is so much Mudde.

5.

No mar! such nappie stuffe
As falling Band, and Ruffe
Throughout the Citty, haunts it.
VVhen I drink any more,
Then call mee such a whore,
Asile call her that launts it.

6.

Doubtlesse the men are mad
VVhere water may be had
That soop such nasty gore.
Some call't a remedy
Against the stone, but I
Have laid a stone at dore.

To humour palats, But for mine alone
 Give mee your dealing and your drink right down,
 Have at thee then (my boy) for a blyth full,
 VVeel wrap our noses up in thy Lambs wool;
 And when our Cups advance a loftie hemme,
 VVee'l hum thee up *John of Hierusalem*.

The Postscript.
To the precedent Poem.

BUe what? your angry, twas not my intent
 To slay the Lamb; or hurt the innocent.
 VVhist! whist for shame! least people as they passe
 Say, Look yee there dwells *Ba—lam* and his *Als*,
 Come *Jack* be wise and thy self sober keep
 And thou shalt be mine Host, when they are Sheep
 Tel them the reckning twice twelve pence a peece
 J'll warrant thee that thou shalt get their fleeces;
 And let them then come, and laugh thee to scorne
 VVhen thou hast turn'd them out, like sheep new
 shorne.

In Commendation of
 Yorkshire Ale.

WOMan be nimble, and let's see thy craft,
 My early stomach craves a mornings draft;
 Bring me that Indian pot whence I may sipp
 The Nectar of *black Cleopatras* lip:

*To my right well reckon'd host
at the Lamb.*

Mine host, or shepheard which is fitter title
Since you keep sheep, though in the barly pytle;
They say, ther's many a well provided ran me
Comes to turne of his hornæ with your sweet
Lamb

The fallow Ewes when the Tups are fled,
Set root, and sweare theyle drink all weathers dead.
This though, is much complain'd of, that you keep
An old brown Curre to worry all your sheep.
Nay more, as some report that have been there,
There is a kinde of magick in your beer:
And *Hocus pocus* drawes it too, or else
It turnes your sheep to foxes first, And then
A game at Noddy, Theres your sheep agen:
Sure *Circe* taught thy Cup this cunning charm
To metamorphose with so little harm.

But stay! you keep a Scriv'ners shop mee think
VWhere pipes for pens, and best bere, serves for
Jnk;

Y have clarks too, and industrious ladds, for some
Run, making of Indentures all th' way home.
Else bedding with the Lamb, they rub their eyes
And shake their Eares, and with the larke they rise.
He come and see thee faith mine host, perhaps
Bring thee as many guests, as thou hast taps.
Then wormwood, Succory, Scurvy-grass, & Sage
With Lemon, shall advance in *Æquipage*

To

The marrow of Malt: where the nut-brown toast
 Smiles in the flowrie Ale, whose mirthfull boast
 Makes mee turne Marriner, and hither saile
 To court the confines of this famous Ale.
 This noble Ale, this most substantiall liquor,
 That chears the *Stade*, and makes the Geniours
 quicker,

Idcots a ship-board sick, accuse the Seas,
 Whilst their own fowle stomachs are the disease
 So fooles pick quarrell with pure cleansing Ale
 Because it doth Sir reverence wring their taile;
 Mee thinks this Ale, and the old wife agree,
 So well, as *Hero* and her Nurse I see.
 Would but good fellows meet, our daylie club
 Should set the Sisters at the *Danaan* tubs
 But stay, I feare, while I thus idolize
 The shrine of Ale, I but enhance the price,
 Be therefore this sufficient to be said,
 Alive tis Ale, And *Aqua vice*, dead.

Upon a hungry gutted Porter.

NO marvell Chapman falls so to the scrap,
 The first, and best part of his name is chap:
 Which if a man but spell, he easily can
 Perceive, more letters go to Chap, then man.
 Yet this is all but mirth, although perhaps
 He may conceit I take him on the Chaps.
 Well if I do, my frolick is to swap
 My nimble braine, against his nimble chap.
 Yet this by way of leave ile adde, a more
 In sitting poster never kept a dore.

How should he ope it? for hee never heares
If it be true, The belly hath no cares.

*E. B. To his noble friend, that gave
him a new paire of Boots,
and Gloves.*

————— *Ods foot.*

I Never drew on a compleater Boot;
The blushing top makes me top gallant, and
Me thinks I do on beds of Roses stand;
Nay even the very leggs do seem to owe
Their orient tincture to the Sonnes of Bow:
Nor can I think but *Jove-Lov'd-Jo's* hide
Was purchast, to compleat this Ocean pride:
Who having been the thunderers Curtisan,
Blushes to crib it with the Calves of man:
The wax was borrowd from the Lillyes bed,
And the three Sisters span, and cut the thred,
The Boot in the exactest mode doth set,
All (in a word) from top to toe is neat.
As for the Shoemaker I can only tell,
For one hee never saw, hee fits me well.
Yeur Gloves too make me spruce, as *John a Gant*
Protest (sweet Sir) you are right Cordevant,
For you have given mee Boots, and Gloves to
boot
What shall I say? y'have bound mee, hand and
foot.

A. B. to his shoemaker.

Sirra looke to't I shall reduce your pride;
 Rip up your roguerie and tew your hide.
 My weather long shall apt a time for th' nence
 To stretch the latches of your logger sconce.
 You were too high ith' instep, I'm afraid,
 Your loftinesse will soone be underlaid;
Crispine coucht in a shoemakers disguise,
 Cause none so base to cheat inquiring eyes.
 Yet to fit mee should *Crispine* come to doe't,
Crispine, by Jove hee came but to my foot.
 And dost thou wretch to reach this head of mine,
 Muster thy bristles as the Porcupine
 Her quills' presumptuous trash, I could afford,
 To send the challenge to the cutting board;
 New vampe your manners', & more modish bee,
 Least *Peter* stretch you on a crosse grained tree:
 Where being once set up, tis'ten to one,
 You'l find it harder to come off, then one:
 Villian avant, henceforth nere looke to have
 The lengh of my foot, since y' have plaid the knave.
 Noe noe, I view your bill and there I see,
 The very place where my shoe pinches mee;
 But make your market pray of what is past,
 Fellow beleve't of me y've had y' our last:
 And that the world may see in every line,
 I fitt thy foot, as thou hast fitted mine.
 Thus I in fine translate thee, goe, extend
 Thy base spun thread, to make a Coblers end.

*Vpon his giueing a payre of shoes to
get the former paper answered.*

Silly, and sencelesse, knockt there heads together,
To forge a foolish answer, knowing neither.
To whome, nor how, only they would b'lurt forth,
Some thing, that men might see their want of worth.
I'll bray you in my mortar fooles, and then,
Make yee a pastime for the worst of men.
Incorporate yee vessells, base absurd,
With *Album Gracum*, and the Divells turd,
Compound yee up into a pocky pill,
VVith C. & G. & D. & Sarsaparill,
And Sassafras, whilst all that see yee, shall
Say yee are rogues Alexipharmacall.
I hope it shall suffice, when I have brought,
Your bodies into atomes, worse then nought;
Some fishwives kist your fancies, taught ye prate
The rabulous dialect of Billings gate.
And yet I lik't your taile timber for it,
Came Just in time as I had list to th—
Sans Ceremonie then end these Jarres,
You and your Poet after kisse mine A—
But didst thou think up to revenge to climbe?
By a poore mercenary, hacking ryme, (stretch,
Or that thou couldst thy letherne purse-strings
Vnto the latitude my Braines would reach?
Away, poore foole! when my keene satyrs come,
Off with your hat, and scrape your answer, mumme.
Shouldst thou buy lines, to answer mee thou fopp
I'de write, till't cost thee all the shoes ith shop.

Alice Goffe.

A poore woman taken stealing soape.

Why how now woman? what's the newes belike
 You serve'd the grocer but a slippery trick,
 T'was very cheap, nay marry you must thrive,
 If wee pay ten, & you get under five.
 But stay they say the grocer turn'd his eyes,
 And you stole, both the custome, and excise:
 And well enough you did, but a rope
 The mischeife lyes, you should have left the soape.
 You made wash way with't, being but a reach,
 But have a care, it end't may cost a stretch.
 You know the proverb, ti's as true as old,
 If the one chance to slip, t'hoother, will hold.
 Alas you never could have stoll'ne a badder,
 Commoditie, Sope brings you to the ladder.
 You think to have't wth a wet finger, but
 A cleanly theife had better be a slut.
 Come, Come, stay the hoggs leisure pray, I hope
 As good as you doth wash with Lincolneshrice sope.
 If you steale sope to make your clothes so fine,
 Youle bring your selfe, as well as them, to th'line.
 Yet I confesse, twas pittie goody Goffe,
 Stealing good soape, you came no cleanlyer of.

(77)

To my Noble Friend.

THis after-noon your riding Boots and bands,
Your good grey cloak, and Gloves came to my
hands;
The Gloves were trim, the Cloak most purely
feeles,
The bands, and Boots have tyed me neck & heel.

*To the same Gentleman desiring my
verses upon any price and on
his sending mee a
new Suit.*

Price? out upon't! what price? pray doe you
think?
A price of paper, and a little ink?
If you like our poetick merchandise,
Traffick, and your acceptance is the price.
For mee I think it even in justice meet,
So long as you finde Boots, that we finde feet:
Sir in a word, your love returns with ours,
Our suit accepted was, and so is yours.

*To a Schoole master.
In excuse of his Scholler G. Green.*

THis duskie norne the youth was overseen
Pardon good Sir, in truth the boy is Green.

*To my valued friend: A New-years
gift.*

HAd I but *Mydas* Chymick touch,
My new years gift should now be such
Europ should it admire: But I
Talk of Larks in a falling skie;
In stead therefore of hopelesse pelfe,
Deyne but acceptance, and my selfe
Am your oblation, but alas!
How shall this guift for current pass?
Since what I here present unto you,
Being given you long agoe I owe you;
Since then our gifts prove empty dishes,
Weel furnish them with wholsom wishes:
Our first be this, where ere you come;
May you but view, and overcome;
Weed with you yonger brothers wit,
But that wee see y'abound with it.
May thee that moves your amorous thirst
Be wounded, and your prisoner first;
And let her unconcealed fires
Foment your temperate desires,
May favoring heaven, lend her no rest
On any Pillow but your breast;
And when glad *Hymenus* holy twine,
Hath clapt her Lilly hand in thine,
Then let thine armes at once enfold
Faيرة *Hellens* face, and *Dances* Gold:
May all her care, and study be,
To love, and be belov'd of thee;

And

And to eternize mutuall favour,
 Havens make her such as thou wouldst have her
 I envie, any foes shall make yee,
 B: this their curse, A Good yeare take yee.

A L E.

IS this that Ale to which the Dyers flew
 So fast, to wadd their Copper noses blew,
 Bidding old stingo Cut-throat bere, adiew?

Then give us Ale.

Is this that jolly juyce, those bowling bratts
 Soake in, And on their shoulders set their fatts
 With Rams-heads, spite of Rainbowes in their hats?

Then give us Ale.

Is this that Yorkshire Ruffe did so confound;
 And send a way the Weavers shuttle crownd,
 That they could neither finde nor feel the ground?

Then give us Ale.

Is this that temple, where the weavers lay
 To meet the merry Merchants, day by day,
 And double Ale their single stuffs away?

Then give us Ale.

Is this that so much talkt of Northren hum,
 For which both simpletons and sages come
 Is this that *Lantatan—tanta? so —but mum.*

(80)

Then give us Ale.

Is this that Ale that makes you dyers be
So oft from home? pray tell me where were yee?
Should all be hang'd that from their Colours fle?

Then give us Ale.

Is this that same that did so much besot
The roasted Comber, as he quite forgot
His own, And now calls for the other pot?

Then give us Ale.

Yea give us Ale, for now I finde it true,
That Merchants, Weavers, Combers, Diars too,
And all the world, this liquor turnes true blew:

Then give us Ale.

As for your Poet his unfeyned wishes
Are, that the Ocean were such Ale as this is,
That yee, and all true trouts might drink like
fishes.

Then give us Ale:

And for ol'd *Margerie* that Northern minks,
For my part, such Ale as shee brews, shee drinks.

A Visit.

Last Fryday, to my neighbours house I stept,
To see what Hospitallity he kept;
Soon I espied his Chimerie like a Maiden
In the green sicknesse, with her colour fading,
Bushlesse, and bleath, only herein they sever:
This a numme Palsie hath, and that a Feaver;
Neighbour

Neighbour said I, your Chymnies to be let
 Why (Sir) quoth hee, you see no bill ont yet;
 Well then, said I, to put you out of doubt,
 I guellie so, cause your fire is going out.

To the World.

SOME say Deucalion made the World
 Repulious, with stones he hurld
 Over his shoulder; On my life
 Tis false, Hee hurld them ore his wife;
 And ever since 'thas been the fashion,
 So to hurle stones in generation.

O. P. to A. C. that overseld him a Horse to
 pay him at the day of his marriage, he
 being contracted and to marry with
 in ten dayes: O. P. not drea-
 ming of any such matter.

WHY how now Jockie? what upon the Catch?
 Had I suspected yours, 'thad been no match.
 Look how the Proverbs crost, you'rt hastily bene
 To marry, yet not you, but I repent.
 How have my starres my credulous hopes still crost?
 You ride a cockhorse: I must pay the Post.
 Hence I the creame of the conceited pie,
 You were though close, as hot upon't as I;
 But I had smelt you out, and slept your cause,
 Had I had as true forecast as my horse.
 What will men say to whom this story told?
 But I and not my horse, am tought and told.

You have my monie, and I hope with it
 That I have paid for both your horse, and wit
 Whilst it must be of all the world confest,
 On your side a good bargaine, mine, good jeast.
 But don and pait, I shall revive no strife,
 But take my beast, Sir, as you take your wife.
 Whom herein I presume I make my debtor,
 You, double paid, must do your work the better:
 In brief tis thus, neither better nor worse
 You up, and ride, and I must hold your horse.
 Whilst I conclude as sad experience teaches,
 Not only you, but your horse over-reaches;
 But 'twas so close, so slightly brought about,
 Neither my horse, nor I could stumble't out.
 Yet thus much might be spoken on my side,
 Selling your horse, who'd think you meant to ride?
 But 'twas my error to conceive you lackt
 A Nag, your wife I hope found one well backt.
 I might have lookt him in the mouth I see,
 Neither your horse, nor you are over free:
 My bargain, Sir, was bad, and you have done mee
 Some injury with mine own horse 'bout run mee,
 But yet if your civility extends
 To this requitall, we are absolute friends;
 Since you are hee, whom I did so confide in,
 You'l only lend mee your old boots to ride in.

*Upon the name of the same horse
 being called Butler.*

Butler! why that sounds draft horse, but I see
 That thou canst scarce draw thy leggs after
 thee.

But

But yet thy crafty Master laid a ginn
 And thou, and hee, made shift to draw mee in.
 But Troy will tell thee these are things of course,
 Synon could do it with a wooden horse.

*PseudoPoeta in a paper of false verses
 inveying against Tantalua for her
 lyeing tales.*

SHall I condemne *Tantalua*, and not you?
 Her tales were false, your verses are not true.
 Be gentle pray, you seem to have forgot
 The proverb, whilst the kill upbraids the pot.
 Come, yee are guilty both, of oversight,
 Neither your verses, nor her tales are right,
 Yea I could show you too as many slips
 In your false feet, as in her faltering lips;
 But I excuse yee both, for you perchance
 As well as thee, did it in ignorance.

Veniam petimus dabimusque.

*Upon ——— his Picture
 Prefixt to his Almanack.*

W^{hat} base aspect is this? didst thou devise
 This haggie look, to be thought weather
 wise?

Gypse

Gypsies doe just the same, they get an ill
 And counterfeit complexion, that's their skill.
 But thou, as thine owne patron didst advance
 This front; A lye had need of countenance.
 Whence, by the by, no wiseman undertakes,
 The patronage of any almanacks.
 Yet I durst sweare, ther is, if truth were known
 Nothing in thine, but the fooles face thine owne.
 That p'sface false and foul nor is that yet
 Thine owne, but like the rest they counterfeit.
 But mum, since I have lately understode.
 That you with the fowre hundred prophesie good.
 Yet thus by way of caution, take heede how,
 You tell a lye, And set a face on't too.

*To Mr. ——— upon his
 silly Epitaph in print.*

But didst thou pump this lamentable stuff?
 Pretest the lines are pittifull cusses;
 Th' are somewhat shallow, but if thou wouldst keepe
 her
 Immortall, let th' engraver sink them deeper.
 Thou, for the funerall, didst thy verses sort,
 A man doe sugar plum's, some long, some short:
 'Twas goodluck though, they to thearse were pin'd
 Else being lame thad sure been left behin'd:
 But have a care, least with affront you greet.
 The collenell, to send his wife a sheet;
 Sure shee was rich enough, to leave be hinde her
 O hee gate stuffe, then thy towle sheet, to wind her.

Did'st thou intend this sing song to her honour?
 Thoud'st plaid the Sexton, & thrown dirt upon her.
 Thou should'st have lighted too thy dismall dashes
 At the next torch, and cry'dashes to ashes:
 Then, as her preist, or poet choose you whether,
 Thou'd'st bury'd same, and body both together.
 Had'st thou soopt sack, it would have brought thy
 chynies,

In better tune and taught thee lofter ry'mes.
 But ah! thy, muddy fancy shoves me clear
 Thou stood'st among the b'ggers, serv'd with bear.
 Thou'st better brooke an elegiack jeast,
 And made an *affidavit mortuust*,
 Yet 'twas well donet'avouch it with thy name,
 Least honest men should suffer for thy shame.
 Thou say'st thy belly shak'd when thou did'st writ,
 I think so too, the divel a verse was right.
 When my ill fortune's dead, and I would laugh,
 He send for thee to jerke an Epitaph.
 Thou would'st be both a Poet, and Attorney,
 Alas thy braines won't serve thee halfe the journey.
 Would'st be a poet and attorney? Marke
 What I adv'se, learne first to be a clark.
 But here's enough; hee that writ this, hee knowes,
 The muses never dwell in Silly Howse.

On the Gun-powder treason.

Now, foolles! how think yee is there not a God?
 Ask but your backes, that smart with your owne
 red.

When yee prepar'd this cup, did yee then thinke,
 The dregs should be the draught your selves must
 drink?

dope

Doubtlesse, yee'd not have dig'd so deepe a pitt,
 Had yee but dream't your selves should han'sell in;
 Bow black was this eclypse? what mean't yee by't?
 A flame, and yet no light; twas hell fire right.
 VWas ever vulcan matcht with such a horne?
 But hee that sate in heaven laught yee to scorne.
 VWhat at one blow both court and commons? pish
 *Twas but a falsifie, a *Cal gula's* wish
 Yea but false fire, by heaven the touch hole was,
 So stopt the flame could not to th' barrell passe.
 Blest be the churches great protector for't!
 *Twas yee gave fire, but wee gave the report.
 Infernall Angells fight with *Gabriell*,
 And heaven it selfe seemes undermin'd by hell.
 But O how vainely the black brood of night.
 Martiall their mates against the sonnes of light?
 Fear not *Bethu'in*. *Holoferenes* shall,
 Be dead drunk, and by his owne sawchin fall.
Goliaths boasts are breathlesse, mercilesse *Mydian* *
 Must buckle to the brandisht blade of *Gideon*. (knock
 VVee need not feare, nor care wee though hell
 Our temple's built on an impregnable rack;
 Preserv'd by providence. *Babells* bratts may kick
 But never move our heaven fixt candle stick,
 Tis *Rome* must ruine *Rome*, tis not your ginnes,
 Are able to ensnare us, but our sinnes:
 Puffe till yee pant againe, alas! fond foe,
 You doe but ashes off our alters blow.
 And whilst your hell haecht plots, your hate reveal
 You don't extinguish, but inflame our zeal.
 The wind, that shakes the boughes, fastens the root;
 And you confirm us, whilst yee goe about.
 Thus to supplant us; tush! yee doe but hence,
 Endear us to our God, for new defence.
 But would you be reveng'd? then thus let't be,
 Plot so, as he that made the eye, may'nt see.

To the right honourable the C. of
D O R S E T,
 Promising a Gentleman her Kinswoman
 in marriage.

M A D A M,

THe charmesfull language from your lips distilld
 My ravish'd cares with heavenly musick fill'd.
 Had I led Love unto your Nieces heart;
 And praid him there transfix his keenest dart
 His being blind would have left him exempt
 From penalty, And charg'd the whole attempt
 On my accempt, whose boldnes durst aspire
 (*Prometheus* like) unto celestiaall fire.
 Twere sacriledge, and just such, to bereave
Diana of a Nymph, without her leave.
 Or steal a starre from off his region
 Whilst *Phebe* sl. pt with her *Endymion*.
 I had been felon to your honours blood
 And stolne a cignēt from that royall floud.
 Had not your grace first given me my book
 The golden Scepter of your gracious look.
 But now with humble confidence I resort
 To this faire stream, having your warrant for't
 Only let me beseech your honour that
 You'd ratifie it with a second date.
 Then being arm'd with this encouragement
 My next addresse is to the Lady bent:

My

My fortunes balance, on whose only breath
 Depends the sentence of my life, or death.
 If such a match felicitate my life,
 Ile treat her as my Mistress though my wife.
 Ile study what may please her, and contend,
 With fate, to make her happie to the end.
 As for you gracious madam) deigne mee still,
 The clear beames of your ladyships good will:
 So shall I be assur'd what I commence.
 Shall ripne in such sun light influence:
 Meane while no thought shall from my breast arise
 But what I dare present as sacrifice.
 Thus J returne my selfe to both, whilst shee.
 Possesse my heart; your grace commands my knee.

The weaver: Memento mori.

AN honest weaver willing to make sure
 His soule and body with arts ligatur.
 Betooke him to his trade, and having got
 The knack on't, knit them on a weavers knot.
 But death a craftie merchant found a brack,
 And let him plainly see t'would hould no rack,
 Here's stuffe quoth hee, alas t'will scarce be worth
 The looking on, when J have laid it forth.
 Where is the fresh goss is this the lively red?
 You spake of? tush tis faded, fled, and dead.
 Alack and well a day the weaver said,
 How dearly have J for this colour paid?
 And yet it gives you no content, but J,
 Poore J must let, must leave my work and die.

Ah mee impartiall death where thou dost come,
 Thou either cutst of, or concludst the thum.
 My beame is strong, but strength will not prevaile
 Golyah's speare stout as my beame did faile:
 My nimble shuttle sitting here, and there,
 Presents my life's in stable character:
 Mark but how swift it to its exit tendes,
 So fleetly fly wee all unto our our ends:
 It puts but forth, and at its port arives,
 So doth our death begin even with our lives.
 My globe like wheel about its pole is hurl'd,
 Just as the heavens are rapt about the world,
 And turning to my filling boy behind me
 His winding pipes, does of my wind pipe mind mee.
 If hee stand still I must not work, if the aire,
 Fill not my pipes my work will soon impaire,
 A constant motion to my trade belongs,
 So nature hath her loome, my breast, my lungs.
 My blouds' her posting shuttle swiftly flies,
 Through the strait conduits of my arteries.
 My purple veines her warping is, my haire
 My tendons find, my nerves her rackling are.
 My solid parts, my able bones are some,
 Appointed beames, some holdfasts of her loome:
 And thus in there owne lomes doe all men weare,
 And women too from cradle to their grave.
 Nor cease wee all a bove a minutes breath,
 Till wee be turned out of worke by death.
 Thus from those instruments by which I earn
 My livelyhood, to dye I likewise learn.
 I looke but on my eyes, And I can read,
 In them the seperation of my thread.
 In laying of my coulours, still I found,
 The lowest, a memento of the ground.
 The fashions teach mee since they keep no stay,
 The fash'ion of this world passes away,

Come

The text "The" is partially visible at the top of the page.

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VWhen

When I divid the thread our loves have spun,
 The streames shall back upon there fountaines run.
 This I conclude a possibilitie,
 I may forget my name; but never thee.
 Ceres cickle; whether art thou gone.
 See'st not our hopes into full harvest growne?
 Come boonest *Bacchus*, come let's have a health,
 To our best wishes; love hath store of wealth.
 View here our vintage, see our blest increase,
 Off swelling grapes that only want the presse.
 Hast Hymen hast, for wee must find in you,
 The end of our desires and verses too.

To Bovino.

You bull it Sir, as if you meant a prize,
 With milo at the bovine exercise.
 Push forwards your good motion Sir, you may,
 Encrease my landlords cornucopia.
 But to speake naked truth they say that you,
 Doe not run to the bull, but to the cow.
 Where you your selfe in manner of a bull,
 Doe give Europa her white belly full.
 And as tis fit you should haveing gone halves
 In getting, now you help to keepe the Calves.
 But have a care *St. Stephens* wide gates are near,
 You'l run your selfe out ere you be aware.

The FLEETS.

(92)

M^T wishes greet
The English fleet
May no stormes roffe
The Harp and Crosse
Smile gentle fate
Upon our State
Attend all health
This Common wealth.

The Navie of the Dutch
If all good fortunes grutch
Vantcrump and his Sea forces
Shall have my daily curses
Upon the Dutch and Dane
Wait their eternall bane:
The Cavalering part
I value not as farr.

*To a drunken Porter reeling into the
Ring to wrastle with a Taylor.*

Hey hey pot-valiant Porter, friend, I feare,
That you have somewhat more then you can
beare.

You make mee laugh to see you face and crack,
You puppie, I could beare you on my back.
Out of the Ring unlesse you were more stout:
The Taylor swears heel fling, or cut you out.
You stand so waving and so tottering,
As if there were an Earth-quake in the Ring.
And eye the Taylor, as you would adore him,
Yare so devout you scarce can stand before him.
Do you not heare him say it shall go hard
But at the first touch hee'l turne up your yard,
Nor will he use a quarter of his strength
To measure all your quarters out at length.
See but his active stout, and able limb,
Porter I see you'l never carry him.
Go wrastle with yond tree you dizzie crowne,
More need to hold you up, then hule you downe.
Had you as many leggs as any louse
The eyes of *Argus*, Hands of *Bryareus*,
All would not do it, for like *Polyphemus*,
You would be run down in this drunken dreame.
And in the turning of a hand be found
As sure as louse in bosome, on the ground.
Cord first his hands and feet, Then if you can,
Stand toot, and throw the ninth part of a man:
But your athletick art's not worth the trying
Go go a man may see where you've been plying
Brave

Brave sport, a Porter, and his fox turnd loose
 T'encounter with a Taylor and his goose
 Thus I perceive tis fatall to us all
 After a lustie cup to take a fall.

*To a Brewer that promised mee a Staggs
 Tongue, and dissappointed me.*

NOW your *Asopick* markers Sir, what? you'l
 Your selfe be Brewer, and make mee the fool,
 Faith Sir you should not need your word to break
 Ime sure your beere wont make a Cat to speak.
 Come come let's hat, without a tongue, I vow
 That I will never speak good word of you.
 Are you so politick to think by failing
 Mee of my tongue, you do prevent my rayling?
 Beleeve it not, Sir, I can cant my wrong
 Like injurd Phylomel without a tongue.
 Tongues are unruly members but I see
 That you can rule yours, where it should befree.
 Thus to be fool'd, and baffed all a long,
 T'would make one speak that had but half a tongue
 But I perceive the reason now my friend
 Your tongue is fast by the roots ith Chimnyes
 end.

I must for peace sake, pocket up this wrong
 And keep my hands of, because you keep your
 tongue

The tongues a two edgd sword, and by the cup
 Of my contempt, I scarce can put it up
 May the Staggs hornes be grafted on your head
 Till I have the Stags tongue you promised.

My furie flames I feare I shall ere long
 Like Dives need your cooler for my tongue
 For it begins I see to teare, and rend
 Just like a womans tongue that knows no end
 Brewer be sure then that you stand aloof
 Unlessie you bring your tongue under my roose
 May be you'l say, that you have none, but I
 Am sure y't oue have told me a divillish lye.
 Thus am I faine to vindicate my wrong
 In writing, because I have lost my tongue.

I am pateris telis vulnera facta tuis.

To this Brewer sending mee halfe a dozen
 tongues.

WEe judge it just that we distend our lungs
 In gratitude to you that sent us tongues.
 Wee were a little too long tongu'd but you
 Have made the tongues fit for our mouths Sir,
 now.

You seem to make us double tongud, for wee
 Expected but the halfe of what wee see.
 Our skill in Phisick sayes the Staggs did die
 Offeavers for the tongues were hot and drie,
 But wee to wash down such conceits, did make
 Them swim in best Beer for the Brewers sake.
 The beasts that lost them should not be more brute
 Then wee, if we should offer to be mute.
 And where as wanting tongues we could allow
 But paper praise, we cry a largesse now.
 Thanks then thrice bounteous Sir, Twere sin if we
 should be tongue-tyde, where your tongues are so
 free.

To my strange Rivall, servant to the Sister
of my Mistresse ingrossing both
his owne and mine.

The Sceene Jack a Newbery.

Yare but a Jack by Jack a Newbery
To overcharge your selfe, to injure mee
Be not so greedy, you two, and I none ?
The time may come youll find enough of one
Neither had been of our desires bereft
Had you but had your right; and I the left,
Take heed you play not Asops dog whilst you
Covet the substance, and the shadow too.
Trust mee I must resent this injurie
To ouerdoe your selfe to undoe mee
Tis basenesse in the abstract greedy sinner,
Having thy belly full to crave my dinner.
But I perceive my talk is to no end,
For thou wilt burst thy self to starve thy friend.
This folly I have oft in children known,
Either two peeces, or they will have none.
And here to the I may it well apply
Tis better fill thy belly, then thy eye.
Traitor and theif thou, st rob'd mee of my Jewell
But for the auld end it in a duell.
And faith I must too, come the worst event
That can tis but six moneths imprisonment.
And what is that to mee since I must be
Her Prisoner even in height of liberty,
Say death ensue my challenge? shall I doubt
To dye for her, I can not live without:
Faile not this after noon then to meet mee
Precise at fower, at Jack a Newbery
Your weapons what you please; unlesse my fate
Oppose, ile send you home by Cripple-gate.

*To a Gentleman that promised, but
failed, to meet mee at an
Ale-drappers.*

NOW halfe an hower past six, and more, & faile:
Your friend, a second time? Come give us ale:
Are you all disappointment, is your frame,
And fabrick only such? Go fetch the same.
VVhat! was I borne to wait? upon my soule
You wrong my patience; woman, fetch a Rowle.
Your actions are unhandsome, without baile
O: *mainprize*, y'are condemn'd, go fetch more Ale:
Shall we loose such a morning such fair weather?
Go (faith) even fetch a brace of pots together.
Look, if he ceme yet; we are sure of these?
Not yet in sight? goe fetch the Holland Cheese,
What? you don't see him yet; well, we must call
For t^other dish of Ale, to wash downe all.
March in my black-brow'd pots; untill ye stand
Before mee, like an *Aethiopian* band.
Faith, I am now in, goe to, trye, if yee
Eclipsed beauties, be good leachery.
Come then, and give me lip roome, shall I not
Kisse your black lipps? why? Ladyes kisse the pot.
Yes I must kisse, and friends: for it appeares
My wrath hath made me pull ye by the Eares.
Excuse me, pray, if I my selfe forgot,
For all the world can tell, I love the pot.
And therefore this doth my content beget,
Though I had no luck, I had pot-luck yet;

*To an other Gentleman, that served
me such a trick.*

NOT yet, nor yet, and yet the Chymes done going?
Some Beer, and Sugar boy ! come, let's be
doing;

My expectations big, come fill away,
Hope is an Anchor, Anchors make us stay.
Hamborough like, untill the Clock strike few
I mean to drink, *videlicet* till two;
Nay I'm resolved, if I be alive,
Since I am in, I will not out till five:
Then never grutch at what so e're you heare
I am no waiter, but where there's good cheare.
Sir, I am none of those, that can digest
Hopes false conception; Boy, fetch the best.
Hope is my issue, wherein I'm beguild,
You got it, pray, then answer for the child;
If not, you must, nay (faith) you shall, be witting
To pay the Nurse; And that is just two shilling.

*To a Philomuse from whom I received
a Paper upon the same Subject
and by the same Post.*

WELL my good Cos. what the same fish
That I was frying? faith i'de with
To meet the ostner in my dish
The proverbs, good witts jump, we both design'd
The plot, yet neither knew each others minde.

But didst not think it strange to see;
 My part borne in thy Symphonie?
 Tru smee I marvelld much at thee,
 Nay under *Morphens* you complaine your *Muse*,
 Mine under *Saturne*, Not a pin to choofe.

Well fare thy pen ! recald to light
 This plot, that else had slept in night;
 (As dark as *Faux* his Lanthron) might
 (Should we neglect such mercy) us include
 In as high treason, deep ingratitude,

Ben godamercy for thy sonnet,
 Let all *Papists* descant on it;
 Whilst all *Protestants* vaile the Bonnet:
 But for this time ile let thy praise alone,
 Least having writ too: I bespeak mine own.

At the Florists Feast in Norwich
Flora wearing a Crown.

Gentlemen welcome *Flora* sayes so too,
 For thee had had no feast now, but for you;
 Once in a yeare *Appollo* deigns a smile,
 And gravity it selfe admits a guile;
 Mechanicks have their meetings, and as oft,
 As the snake tooth to taile turnes, sing a lost.
 Bibbers Carowse it to the god of Wine,
 And everie bird will have his *valentine*.
 But I had sav'd my labour of the rest,
 Had I first said, each *Angel* hath his *Feast*.

How I have been neglected of late yeares,
 To you, whom I my judges make, appears;
 I shall not stand to tell you, since the seeds
 Of discord, I am overgrowne with weeds;

And justly verifie the jokes of those
 Who say, between two nettles lits a rose.
 Am not I *Queene* of *Zephyr's* familie?
 And my rich traine, the earths embroderie
 Are not my daughters the *Olympian* eyes?
 VVhose more then terrene luster, stillities
 The muddy face of *Ops*, courting your view
 VVith colours, such as *Ixis* never knew.
 VVitness the feilds, luxurious in my smile,
 Presents the country every day a guile.
 But tush! I come not here, to feast your eyes
 VVith simples, such as rustick fopperies:
 For what alas! are *bottles blew*, or *white*,
 Or travellers joy, to citizens delight?

Hence, rustickes, hence yee petty plumes of May,
 Though we'lth and beauty of the spring, away;
 This feast fars not with you, noe *these* are they
 Shall crowne the triumph of faire *Floras* daye
 The *lilly* and the *rose*, shall not be seene
 Amongst us, though of flowers the King, & *Queene*.
 Nor th. humble *violet*, These, most lively, wee
 Can in the garden of your vertues see.
 Hence *goldy-locks*, though hand maid of the sun,
 Here's no roome for a pot companion;
 Save such whose pots pult up with richest earth,
 Are the *lucina's* of a nobler birth,
 The immortall *Amaranth*, shall not here be showne
 Nor *hee*, who fancy'd no face but his owne:
 These are our toyes, our trifles, But now, wee
 Come to uncabinet our treasurie.

The lustie and the country gallant too,
 As pledges of our loves present wee you.
 The *spanish*, *French*, and *welch* infants we
 Commend for their unmatched varietie.

The *painted Lady*, (think it though no taine
 Vnto her beauty, for tis natures paint)
 The rare *Diana*, not shee whome we find
 In the wild woods, noe, this is garden kinde;
 On whom a man may looke, and, smiles importune,
 Without the danger of a horned fortune.
 Next this sweet dame, There's the *Begrovener*,
 The lovely *Comans*, The peerlesse *Grampeere*,
 Speckemakers white, Tannies cumbers cornation
 Are flowers which nothing want but admyration.
 The *murry*, *mullion*, and the *Baljudike*
 Twere plenteous want of wisdome not to like;
 The faire *Amelia*, the *Nymph Royall*, and
 The *Turks cap*, the *adonis*, the *Le grand*,
 The *Hugonart*, *Appelles*, and *French mayble*,
 Are such whose praise, a *phylomet* should warble.
 The *Oxford* had attended on the crowne,
 But that to tell you truth hee's out of towne.
 Here's the gray *Hulo* though, and white *Cornation*,
 Would challeng more then common commendation.
 The *Vannocker*, the black *imperiall*
 And *Crystall* too, the mirrour of them all.
 Both *Wiggon*, low, and lottie, *Angelot*
 The *Stranger*, the *Catewiser*, and what not?
 The *Duke of venice* prelence here you see,
 And *York* the flower of the nobilitie.

Thus gentlemen hath, *Flora* told her store,
 If you can find a wish yet ask for more.
 And yet (propitious soule) before you leave her,
 Shee vows to bring you in the *Prince's* favour.
 Had yee but met, when *tulops* were in towne
 She then had given you every one a crowne.
 But did I call the *Lillie king* of flowers?
 Out of all doubt then these are *emperours*.
 If those be *starres* then these are *planets* suet,
 If these but shine; those simples are obscure.

Heres colour upon colour, you may seek
 A field to match the graces of one cheek:
 But I shall add no more, save only thus,
 That here Comparison is odious.
 Ceres, and Bacchus, promis'd to be here,
 And the best brewer sent us in our bere:
 Since thenere neither wants Beer, Wine, nor
 guelt,
 Flaggons and flowers shall flow at *Floras* feast.
 Let chearly Cups crown a carowing day;
 Ambrose shall broach, ye the *Ambrosia*.
 Your eyes see *Flora's* heaven and that your eares,
 May feast too, hark *Apello* moves the spheares.

The Song.

Stay ! O stay ! ye winged howers,
 The windes that ransack East, and West,
 Have breathd perfumes upon our flowers,
 More fragrant then the *Phenix* nest:
 Then stay ! O stay sweet howers ! that yee,
 May witnesse that, which time nere see.
 Stay a while, thou featherd Syth-man,
 And attend the Queen of flowers,
 Show thy self for once a blyth man,
 Come dispence with a few howers:
 Else we our selves will stay a while,
 And make our pastime, *Time* beguile.

This day is deignd to *Floras* use,
 If yee will revell too, to night
 Weel presse the Grape, to lend ye juyce,
 Shall make a deluge of delight:
 And when yee cant hold up your heads,
 Our Garden shall afford ye beds.

An E P I T A P H.
Upon Oliver O dead drunk.

Here lyes a Lyon, and a Lamb,
 Sweet, and savage, wilde and tame :
 Courteous, carelesse, Poore, and proud,
 Man, and no man : Little, and lowd :
 Childrens *May game*; fine, forlorne,
Courtiers consort : *Commons* scorn :
 Kind, and currish, would ye know
 Who I mean? tis *Oliver O*,
 That companion base and boon,
 Sets and Rises with the Sun:
 Thus in brief his exercise
 He pipes, dances, and he dyes,
 And when passing we can tell;
 For he rings out his own knell.

Upon his second time being dead drunk.

Loe here,
 Dead as the bere,
 Was drawn last yeare:
 And Coffind up,
 In a lost Cup,
 Lyes, little heart O,
 Who like a fart O,
 Did now depart O.

Twas ruffe,
 And with a puffe
 Out went the snuffe.
 Alas ! how soan
 Tis after noon?
 This morning hee O,
 Was companie O,
 For thee, or mee O.

And tooke	But P—O,
Ahe Spanish smoke,	Nome more but so;
Into his poke,	Tis <i>Oliver</i> O
As if he meant	Lets over see
Sir, by consent	This scape for hee
To tune his pipe O,	The truth to tell O
But being ripe, O,	Till he was mellow,
Began to type O,	Was a good fellow;
And shall to morrow morning make's approach	
As quick, and lively, as the fresh abroad.	

An Epitaph upon a Weaver.

HERE lyes a Weaver, whom that Turk
 And tyrant, death turn'd out of work.
 Poore fellow he is gone, what though?
 Hee's out of bonds would I were so.
 Alas he sold *Chamelion* ware,
 By which he sav'd scarce ought but aire.
 Gone, quoth hee! pray how should he stay?
 Such gaine will drive us all away.
 Well, twas a sad and suddaine change,
 And yet to me tis nothing strange.
 For trading's dead, and wares will give
 No price at all, how should he live?

*An Epitaph.
 Dedicate to the Memorie of
 Dr. Ed. Cook.*

UNlace your Captive fouds; what, can ye keep
 Your eyes from teares, and see the Marble weep?
 Buft

Burst out for shame, or if yee find no vent
 For greife, yet stay and see the stones relent;
 If still you can forbear; weepe then to see:
 Your stupid hearts more stone, then *Niobe*.

On goodwife Plaine.

Here with out either welr, or gard,
 Lyes goody *Plaine* in the Church yard:
 Fresh in our memoryes, till the next raine,
 Setle the earth againe, downe *plaine*.

On W. G.

A great swearer but litle lyar,

Vill. the swearer's dead and gon,
 VWhether you may guesse anon.
 Say hee is in heaven I dare not
 In that sacred place they sweare not.
 VWhere then? not in hell, no doubt,
 For hee sweare the devill out,
 What must then become of him,
 Does hee neither sink nor swim;
 Heavens forbid, we'll judge the best,
 And conclude his soules at rest.
 Of his oathes, hee did repent him,
 And his conscience do'unt torment him.
 And hee shall (heavens mercy crav'd)
 By Gods bloud, and wounds be sav'd

In memoriam Roberti Dey

Pharmacap. Norv.

Arts Parramour is dead, that men may see,
 Nature hath no hold of eternitie.

O that my teares were legible that I,
 And my sad muse, might weep his elegie!
 Norwich, in sorrows weeds attend his urne,
 It not for his; yet for your owne sakes mourne.
 Remember citizens, yee us'd to fly
 To sue out your repriues from death, to Dy:
 Whose salutiferous *magazine* of artes,
 Was your cheite *Sanctuary* against death's darts.
 There, feeble nature in a trice might be,
 Arm'd against all diseases *Cap ape*.
 But hee is gone, and in a good old age,
 Tooke his calme *Exit* of a turbulent stage:
 His death as harmelesse as his birth, from whence
 His years were crownd with double innocence;) good
 VVhilst wee, (for so perhaps heavens have thought
 Are left, to write our stories in our blood.
 Time's syth hath wounded him, but hee hath got
 Such *semper-vivum*, as hee feels it not.
 VVith faith, hope, charitie, & contrition
 He made up his *Celestiall composition*.
 And with an *unctious* name hee mixt a Roll,
 Of *Gratia dei* for his wounded soule:
 Now his thread yeilded to the Sisters knife,
 For *Aqua-vita* hee drinckes water of life.
 Much might unto his prayses spoken be,
 And only this one truth; namely that hee,
 Even Dey, the true Apothecary was,
 All that are left, are but synonyma's.

To the perpetuall memory of my ever
 —honoured Cozen Mr. E. H.

Under this sad marble lyes,
 Natures pride; and beauties prize:

Such

Such, so sweet her accents were,
 As would charme a Syrens care;
 Such her modest mode as shee.
 Taught the turtle charitie,
 In summe a more veruous wife,
 Never sweetend husbands life.
 To conclude then, all was shee,
 Man could wish, or woman be,
 Who lyes here, like treasure found
 Not above but under ground.

*A Legacie to V R B A N I A
 an un worthy Cittie.*

Citty ingrate, nay worse, but Ile include,
 All your good nature, in ingratitude.
 Wellfare your costly swordes which now yee wou'd
 As faine encrimson in my inocent bloud.
 As ere yee wisht m^r *Crucifige* accept you; ah! you
Hosanna cry, and *hosenacha* too:
 Is it in this; in this, I pray, I wrong yee
 To spend my selfe, and my estate among yee?
 If weary steps to make your Citty flourish,
 If head, if heart, if Purse employ'd to nourish
 Widows distrest, and orphans be a crime,
 Grant heaven no worse offence take up my time,
 Bark on black mouthed envie, yee as soone,
 Affright mee, as the *Syrian* wolves, the moone:
 Nor doe I envie thole, have sought with cost,
 The honourable trouble, I have lost:
 Lord fill my heart with thanks, my mouth with praise
 My haire may yet see *halyon* dayes:
 God guards mee still, though I've no swordes t
 t'davance,
 Though no fine cap, God is my maintenance.

maine

In Hono rem Poetarum.

W Hose poore conceit is that
 That Poets should be poore?
 They talk they know not what,
 Alas! they wish no more,
 They have Enough in that they see
 Content is worth a monarchy.

Do not the sacred Nine,
 Come daily to their houses,
 And break their fast and dine,
 And sup, and soop carouses?
 Who calls them poore then, that are able,
 To feast the Muses at their table?

Yee go to Poets, when
 Your dearest friends be dead,
 They give them life again
 Though they be buried:
 Tis strange then, Poets should not live
 That thus can life to dead men give.

Yea all the world must know,
 Save those to truth averse,
 The swaine was taught to plow,
 By Virgills fertil verse.
 Tis strange then, he should needly be,
 Found out the art of Husbandry.

Riphe was rich I trow,
 VVhose Poems did enfold
 That which men hunt for so,
 The art of making Gold:
 He had the Phylsophick stone,
 Sure hee, must then be rich, or none.

Yee

Yea, do not all men say?

Poets dare any thing:

Pray was not noble *May*

Calld brother by a *King*?

Nor is it more then true report,

Satyrick lines have hang'd a sort.

Euvidice could tell

That being raviſht hence,

Bold *Orpheus* ranſackt hell,

And reſcu'd her from thence.

Yea verſes ſo *Magnetick* are,

They fetch the Moon down from the ſphear.

Nor have they only power,

But gifts of prophetic,

The moſt celeſtiall dower,

Heavens give mortalitie.

Sure then they can't want coſtly Cares,

Being *Oracles* and *Potentates*.

They that have moſt, ſtill itch

For more, more baggs to ſtuffe,

VVhilt they are only rich,

Can ſee they have enuffe;

How poorly fools of Poets prate?

Come, they are poore, whom God doth hate.

Princeps; & Vates non quovis naſcitur anno.

Man.

W Hat time *Jehovah* heaven, & earths Creator

Had fully finiſht the world vaſt Theater

He brings up Man, and gives the world to ſee,

His curious art, in their Epitome:

VVhich

VVhich but in man, he in no creature would.
 They but of Simple, hee of Compound mould:
 They but of bodyes only doe consist,
 In man a bodie, and a soule contrist;
 His bodie his base part, earth represents,
 His heaven-breathd soule, earth's soule, the elements
 The ingredients of the world are water Aire,
 Earth, fire, such man's ingredients are.
 Your leave, And thus the semblance I rehearse,
 Betweene the great and little Universe.

His head's orbicular, like the circular skies,
 Whose lamp meet rivalls, in his orient eyes;
 And as tis heaven most like, tis heaven most neare,
 Reason swayes her majestiest scepter there;
 That divine guest that makes a man, thence all
 The senses borrow their originall;
 And as their sole and supreme court, repaire,
 To manifest their virtues in that chaire.
 Nor may I here forget that comely front,
 That so surprises all that looke upon;
 Those lovely lineaments, those goodly graces,
 Attend the sweets of well proportiond faces;
 What wonders nature in his tongue commences,
 The instruments of delicious senses?
 Which wee beyond expresse oftimes, refresh,
 With rapsodies from that small filme of flesh.
 How right heres *Pan* and *phæbus*? whilst our cares
 Are partiaall twixt our voyces, and the spheares:
 Some time t'is full, and makes his voice as loud,
 As thundring roaring from the shattered cloud.
 But let's goe downward with his heires and see
 How it does with the piles of grasse agree;
 The number well concures, in each wee see
 The numerous footsteps of a deitie;
 Both the effect of moisture; who so seekes
The Rose, or *Lillie*, they so blow in his cheeks;

Nay

Nay what can you present, but hee commands,
 The lively transhape, from his *Protean* handes?
 His bloud is like the streams that to, and fro
 Turning, and winding are, the center through:
 Should I here swell my story, to present
 The office of each *chord*, each *ligament*,
 The *Nerves*, the *tendons*, and the *Arteries*,
 My life would be too short to finish these,
 Nay there's no member, but in it I see
 A theame of wonder to eternitie.

And yet this body wee can't prayse enuffe,
 Compare it with the soule it's sordid stuffe:
 Ther's not such difference, t'wixt the sorrie case,
 And Jewell; t'wixt the mask, and the faire face:
 God made mans body after all the rest
 Add after that inspir'd the soule the best:
 The body from the earth the dust, ascends,
 The incompounded soule from God descends:
 T'is not the flesh, but in the soule, that wee
 Assume the image of the deitie.
 The bodie's subject to mort alitie,
 The soul part of the living God can't dye.
 Natures appointed time of change revolves,
 And it into his elements desolves;
 His native heat does to the fire repaire,
 Water to water breath unto the aire.
 The bones, and parts that are more solid must
 Lye prisoners till they render dust to dust;
 Meane time the soul, her native station keeps
 In heaven; whilst nature in her causes sleeps.

A Guesse at H E L L.
Par nulla figura Gehennæ.

A Cursed *Topheth* ! how shall I define,
 This dismall dungeon, this sad Cell of thine:
 So dark, so duskie, so devoid of light,
 How shall I see to draw thy picture right?
 VVhat Colours shall I grinde? Colours (said I)
 Thou art all black, black as *Proserpines* Eye.
 Deep, & declive, beneath the dead Sea is
 In a blinde hole, this thy all black Abyssc.
 Thy pitchie Pallace, where the chearly Sun
 Nere comes, as out of his commission:
 Nor lends the Moon so much as one odd night,
 To qualifie thy darknesse, with her light,
 VVhich we but sleep by? No, nor all the yeare
 Does one small starre on thy dark front appeare.
 Thou blackest Moore; ask but thy *Danaan* traine?
 Their tub rash tells thee thou art labour in vaine
 Goe ask *Ixion* else, or him whose stone
 Gathers no masse, they all conclude in one.
 Thou the true *Negro* art, and *Patentee*
 Of water shades, there is no night but thee:
 The darknes the *Egyptians* felt, was but
 A type of thine, and but too fairely cut:
Tyratyrus Tullian, how thy tract is trod?
 To *Baalzebub*, knight of the black rod;
 Whose haggie haire, curls into snaky torts,
 More terrible then poets poore report:
 His ghastly, yea his grislie looke, is such
 My sense forsakee mee, if I thinke on't much.

His hornes, the pitch fork is, where with he turnes
 Those broyling Scelerons, he ever burnes
 In flames that never shall be quencht, but hark,
 I talk of flames, and yet I call Hell dark!
 Flames I confesse there are, but black, not bright,
 Yea there is fire, and yet no firelight:

Fewle scind ! thy nose is like a *Comet*, or
 The tayle, of some prodigious *Meteor*.
 Well may it serve thee for thy red hot purr,
 VVherewith thou dost thy stifling sulphur stirre:
 Thy sooty Eybrowes, are as black as coales,
 Smoakt with thine eyes, that flame like Oven holes
 Meane while the Corners where fresh Brimstone
 lies,

Pretend a yellow Jandyse in thine eyes.
 But 'tis the black, the black (fiend) is thy grieve,
 But thy disease admits of no reliefe.
 Thy mouth like raging *Aina* vomits fire,
 The furious flakes of thy unslak't desire,
 As much attractive, and as mercilesse, as
 The 7 times hotter headed furnace was.
 Thine armes are fire setters, that embrace
 Those monuments of miserie whose sad case
 Thou dost not pittie, though though seem' a
 while,

To weep upon them, like the *Crocodile*.
 Have you not heard of smoking Sodom ? such
 His breath's, But *Sodom* smokes not half so much.
 His veynes are streams of sulphur : His loud lungs
 His bellows; And his hideous hands his tongues;
 His black, and melancholly blood containes
 VVorse veneme, then ere lurkt in *Centaurs* veines.
 And by his cloven foot, 'tis plainly shewne,
 His Kingdom run's upon Division.

These

These are his titles. The *Unfathom'd Gulfe*,
 The *Roaring Lion*. And the *Raging wolfe*.
 The *wild Beast* of the *Forrest*, The *Annoyer*
 Of *Christian liberty*, The *Destroyer*.
 The *Mortall Enemy* of all in kinde,
 By these and such like tearmes is he defin'd;
 Father of *Falshood*, *Fecces* of the *Cup*
 Of *Condemnation* who can summe thee up?
 Or set thee forth, No hand can ere effect it,
 Unless that hand, that captiv'd thee, direct it.
 Envy her *Ensign* on thy front displaies,
 And like the *Basilisk* at distance slayes;
 Thy Nose steep as the *Alpes* parts two deep Cells;
 On this side, *Hatred*: That side *Malice* dwells,
 And cause such beauty some preservatives askes,
Shame and *Confusion* are thy constant masks.
 But least my *Charkole* faile to finish thee,
 Thou art the form, of all deformity.

As for thy vassalls, thus begin their evils:
 Their entrance strait transforms them into Devils
 Their entertainment will be such, as they
 Shall flee to death, But death will flye away:
 Hard are their haps, so vainly shall implore
 A deadly *requiem*, at death's deafned dore.
 The torturous worme, that gnawes their consciences
 Doe's like *Prometheus* vultur never cease
 Curses are all their hymmes: Their parched
 throats,
 Cant *Lachryme* in lamentable notes.
 Their Ditties, blasphemies, screichin their straines
 Howling their tune, whose burthen greife sustaines
 VVith sighs, and sobs, gnashing their teeth, they
 run

Their dolefull descant, and division:
 VVell knew, our Saviour, *Judas* sad estate
 VVhen he pronounc'd his birth infortunate:

Alas!

Alas! these sufferings are insufferable,
 Yet must be borne, although they be not able.
 Sad is the strength, that is but lent us to
 Sustaine the *Atlas* of a greater woe.
 Of fables fond, and foolish, *Poets* tell,
 That *Hercules* went, and returnd from *Hell*.
 VVell might he goe, but if he ere return'd
 To tell his rearrivall: He be burn'd.
 Hee that comes to this place, he must discusse
 His *Exit*, with a flouter *Corberus*.
Alcides might, and *Orpheus* mirth, must faile,
 They can not 'gainst the gates of *Hell* prevaile,
 No hope of breaking out the Dungeons deep,
 And the vast wall envyrons it, is steep.
 Yet grant it scalable, there's a dreadfull Mote,
 Nine times surrounds it that will bear no boat:
 Sen, such a Gulph 'twixt thee, and mee, doth flout
 Thou canst not hither, nor we thither goe.
 Despaire, and dye, hope no revocative day,
 Since thou art banish'd into *Scythia*.
 Yee that drink the worlds *Leib*, forget *God*,
 See here his *Scorpions*, and his flaming rod.
 Yee jested with edged tooles since *Mercyes* hee le
 VVas lead: But *Justice* hath a hand of steel.
 Depart saies *Christ*, depart wretch from my sight,
 Into the bosome of confused Night.
 Hurry him hence: Head long him down beneath,
 To the black vally of eternall death.
 Think not wretch I can mand thy Curtaines close,
 To apt thine eyes to a more sweet repose:
 No! *Hells* hard servic'd Centinells, must keep
 Continuall watch, and never, never sleep.
 Nor be releiv'd: No *Circean* lullabies,
 Shall be of power to charm their damned eyes:
 Think now, profanest liver, Do but think,
 How thou of this so bitter Cup, wilt drink:

Call

Call in thy thought and but consider well.
 And tell me now, but what thou thinkst of Hell!
 Didst thou lye waking on a bed more soft
 Then downe, pluckt from the Ravens plume, how
 oft

VWouldst thou wish morning? lingring for the
 light

Though bed-rid, but a poor Cymmerian night:
 Think then how thou wilt toss thy restless head,
 VWhere everlasting burning is thy bed.

Think then I say of their accurst condition,

VWhose misery shall have no intermission:

This is that bitter draught, whose dire drags be

The limits of these woes, Eternity.

Here I break off, should I proceed to tell

VWhat thou hast lost that were another Hell.

— *En ultima tanti
 Meta furoris adest.*

A glimring glimpse of Heaven.

H^Eaven! Lord what's that? Is it that heap of
 treasure

The worldling hugs so? Or that sweet of pleasure

So idolizd? Is it that glorious puffe

Of Honour, where with men nere swell enuffe:

Or is it beauty, whose Celestiall fire,

Blowes up that *Aina* of the worlds desire?

Lyes it else in Revenge that sweet, sweet ease,

Of injuries; Noe, noe, tis none of these.

For wealth, alas! hath wings, and all the rest

Are vanity of vanity at best.

VWhat is it then? earths VVide-stretcht Canopie

The glittering surface of the ambient skie?

Is it the Sun? that glorious globe of light

Or his bright consort, *Empress* of the night.

Noe,

Noe, none of these, we must ascend a sphear
 Two stories higher, then our eyes, and there
 O there this Heaven of heaven is, But first I
 Er'e I can tell you, what it is, must dye.
 In vaine for Heaven I darkling groap about,
 I can not see't, untill these eyes be out.
 Eyes have not seen, nor hath mans mortall eare
 Heard of the joyes, the joyes of joyes are there.
 Nor hath it enter'd into th' heart of man,
 Tis too angust, ah ! tis too small a span
 To entertain't, we must perforce decline it,
 Heaven were not Heaven, Could flesh, and bloud
 define it.

Grant, O my God, that I not being able
 To wade thus deep, make not Heaven seem asable.

But loe! the sacred spirit here, descends
 Unto our understanding, and commends
 This inexpressive paradise, and even
 As it were by reflection shoves us Heaven.
 Which he a sumptuous City calls, Built on
 And by Christ Jesus the true corner stone,
 Not made with hands, the Citty is foure square,
East, West, North, South Gates *Æquidistant* are.
 Length, height, breadth, depth, do all conspire to be
 The uniforme of perfect Symetrie.
 Twelve gates there are of most magnificent state,
 Made of twelve Pearles, Of every Pearle a Gate,
 And as twelve gates of twelve rich Pearles; so here
 Twelve rich foundations, of twelve gemms appear:
 The *Sardius*, *Saphir*, and the *Sardonix*,
 The *Topas*, *Jasper*, and *Jacynth* are six.
 The *Berill*, *Emerald*, and *Chalcedonite*,
Chrysoprasus, *Amethis*, and *Chrysolite*;
 Make up the four times three, whose sparkling light
 Banish all possibility of might.
 The stately streets, all along as ye passe,
 Are pav'd with Gold, transparent as pure glasse,
 Through

Through which, the silver streames of life convey
 Their Christal Currents, whilst in rich array,
 On either side this glittering *Tagus* stand
 The trees of life, whose boughs bow to the hand,
 There's neither *Sun*, nor *Moon* in that bright
 sphere,

Hec that lent them their light himselte shines
 there.

There's none that watch, nor none that guard
 relieves,

What need there? since theres neither night, nor
 theeves.

Theres nothing grieves, no being all amott,
Darkness and *Death*, are strangers in that *Court*.

Envy, *Backbiting*, *Malice*, and *Disgrate*,
Sorrow and *Sickness*, dwell not in that place,
 Without are dogs, nothing that is uncleane
 Hath any part, in that *Celestiall Scene*.

But *Meekness*, *Faith*, and *joy*, and *Cordiall love*,
 Such are the starres, in that bright orb that move.
 There they for ever feast their Eyes on thee,
 On whom one glance, eternall life would be.

How shall I hope sufficiently t'admire
 Those living powers, in thy *Celestiall* quire?
 Those thouland thousands that attend upon
 The radiant throne, of thy all glorious *Sonne*?
Angells, *Archangells*, *Cherubins*, and *Thrones*,
Amazing Seraphins, and *Dominions*?
 Which in thy highest presence allwayes sit,
 Enjoying happ'nesse next to infinite.

Any of which descending from his story;
 Would exstacy, and kill us with his glory.

Here close your lids my daring eyes, least yee,
 Where angells hide their faces, be too free:
 Lord how I reach, and roame t'uncertaine heaven;
 Whilst I am even of mine own self bereaven?

O rake

O take these fetters ! take these clogs from mee;
 Take these scales from mine eyes , that I may see
 Thy tabernacle, Thy Hierusalem;
 VVell thou heavens Monarch, hast prepar'd for
 them

That love, and feare thee: Ah me ! when shall I
 Come and appeare before thy Majesty?
 VVhere ere thou beest, let me but see thy face;
 I'll ask no other heaven, no other place:
 If thou discend into th' abyss below,
 My soule shall wish no other heaven to know:
 VVhere thou art, heaven is : 'tis not the resort
 Of Courtiers : But the King, that makes the
 Court.

Thus have I taken paines, to shew ye that,
 VVhich is, I must confesse, I know not what

Moore's Te

THIS afternoon I met the tribe of *Gad*,
 Running through *Bedlam* as they had been mad
 Shuffling and shouldring at so strange a rate,
 As if they strove to enter the strait gate.
 VVith that seeing the conflux of the traine
 I could not choose but mak't *Turne againe Lane*,
 And down the stream making my armes, my Oares
 I row'd to *Moore fields*, where I found more whores
 Gentle, and simple, then a man could meet,
 Either in *Turn ball*, or in *Turn up Street*.
 Satting and Silk , and *Peticoats brocado*
 Marcht like an *Amazonian armado*,
 Furious as your French troops, scarce ere a wench
 But by her out side , shew her inside French.

Some

Some zealous Gitt'zens shew their wives,
that even

By being Cuckolds, they might go heaven.
It made me laugh to see their sweeping trailes
In spite of Barbarus puffes, powder their tailles.
O how the leacherous dust did vaught! and rise
Twixt the crosse Chevernes of their foaming
thighs.

So light were they, so given to the *Tup*
VVhat men would not, the very winds took up.
VVith that said I, now too too well perceive I,
Y'are not the tribe of *Gad* alone, But *Levi*.

Meane while the trees in such even order grow,
They seem'd a second *Pater noster* row.

They raild in-grasse-plot as a spacious shop
Of Summer weeds for Virgins was set ope.

And many gallants came from out the towne
Thither, to give their Ladies a green-Gowne.

Here is great wrastling, Boyes, and men, and all
And here and there a woman takes a fall;

Venter on which you please, if men you like,
Know then they sayle close by the Wind mil strike.

If you from men, to women be departers,

You shall not faile to meet them in the quarters.

And therefore if your purpose that way stand
Goe see for them, when you can't see your hand

And to your work (my friend) tis Country play
Not by the belt but felt, catch that catch may.

Be not discourag'd for the duskie night

Bee't nere so dark, Ile wa'trant you a light.

More of *Moore-fields* if you desire to know,
Faith I have ta'ne my turne: And so must
you.

*Upon the Sickness, and recovery of
a faire and fairely promised*

L A D Y.

BUt hadst thou Death such hopes alive,
Thy sute could ever thrive,
In flatt'ring her
T' her Sepulher,

From her approaching bridall bed,

Alas! thy hopes are dead.

Dead as thy selfe

Unwelcome else,

But would you faine forestall, forsooth

The sweets of bloomy youth?

Your sute is cold

And you too bold,

Suffice it long time hence that thou

Bath in her aged snow,

Couldst thou her send

To thy dark bed?

Her orient Eye would shoot a ray

Should make thy midnight day;

As though the Sun

Did thither run,

And all his rutilous Jewells set

In that close Cabinet.

Then should mournin

See joyes morning.

Then palest ashes should revive

And Death be made alive.

VVhilst we, blind wec,

It wec would see.

Must all our light Cymmerian like,
 From flintie bosomes strike:
 But thanks to Heaven,
 Death is bereaven:
 Th' Eclipse is past, and beauties light
 Ha's banisht dead of night.
 See, see the love,
 Of heaven above,
 For we have here Gods blessings got
 And the warme Sun to boot,
 O let us now
 Low as earth bow;
 And gratefull sacrifices give,
 To him that here said, let her live.

*To a Gentleman desiring mee to write a
 Paper of Verses upon his sitting
 whilst the Painter was
 drawing his Picture.*

AND Poet too? must you your figure see
 In silent, and in speaking poeſie?
 I could admit this double task, in case
 You had like *Janus* too a double face,
 Say, is it your desire? whilst he does take
 Your superficial lineaments, I should make
 Your vertues image? Is it this you mean?
 I must like *Momus* have a Caſement then,
 Or feare you men will ſay you are a creature,
Narciſſus like in love with your own feature?
 And therefore have the Painter to produce,
 A colour: And the Poet an excuſe;

Come

Come be advi'd by mee, go to your wife,
 He warrant you your Picture to the life.
 Here 'you compose your countenance, And set
 Whilst 't may be shee's drawing your counterfeite.
 Come the true way of lively like commanding
 Is never done by sitting, But by standing.

Pers. — — *Pictoribus atque Poetis
 Quidlibet audiendi semper fuit aqua potestas.*

*To an impudent Scold that perpetually haunts
 her Husband, and not only abuseth
 him but what soever Com-
 pany is with him.*

Woman (but may I call the so, and not
 Forfeit that little judgment I have got?
 Is't not enough y'are ugly, but beside
 Your ill shape you must be ill quality'd?
 I had suppos'd that such a one as you
 Whose face a winning feature never knew
 A woman (if that appellation may
 Be yet allow'd) made of the coarsest clay:
 And of a fabrick so imperfect as't
 Is well conclud'd nature was in haste.
 I had suppos'd I say, that such a brute,
 Had cause more then enough to have been mute
 At least shee should if shee had silence broke.
 With *Halams* Asses but once, and wisely spoke.
 But you unlock the thunder of your voice,
 And twenty Iron Mills make not more noyse.
 VVhen you begin the clamour of your prate
 You make the rabulous rout at Billings-gate.

Mute as their Fish: VVere you my wife forsooth,
 I should lock up the Barn-doores of your mouth.
 Or ferret-like, low't up, My wife said I?
 Some Planet first dispatch me from the skie.
 Ide ran sack beds of clay, and light upon
 The Devill in a new fall ne sceleton.
 Or what in man, or Hells invention worse is
 Them think of the, Of thee thou curse of Curses.
 O wretch thy Husband, O infortunate.
 I drowne mine Eyes in sorrow for his fate.

I finde in story an enchanted Lasse
 All day a Hagge: All night an angell was
 His luck poor man is worse, for meeting you
 Hee's haunted with a Hagge day and night too.
 For when abroad in this sad plight he goes
 Seeking some corner to unbrest his woes;
 You follow him hot foot, and range about
 Beating all bushes till you finde him out.
 And when hee once but in your sight appeares,
 You spend, And with full cry confound his eares,
 And ours too, who admire what you intend him
 VVhether to bait him, or to apprehend him.
 Thus like *Astrea* with affrights hedg'd round
 Hee flies the furie of his owne seirce hound.

We know your language you Tartarian whore
 That use to play bo-peep at Tavern dore.
 Peaking for pimping rascalls, and when ere
 You feare discovery, what's my Husband here:
 Thus you obstreperous strumpet, Thus you must
 Make your poore Husband cloak for your base lust.
 Come, come, the proverb yet did never faile.
 They that are quick of tongue, are quick of taile.
 And I too plainly see, (though I am loth
 To be too publick) you are quick of both.
 He blast you with contempt if ere you come
 To ask for Husband henceforth in my roome.

And

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And teare your tongue from rooſe and roots if ere
I heare againe, What is my Husband here.
And to the Company ſpeak a word unmeet
Wee'l kick you through the Gantlet of our feet.


G 3

The



T H E
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